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THE BULL RUN MONUMENTS.

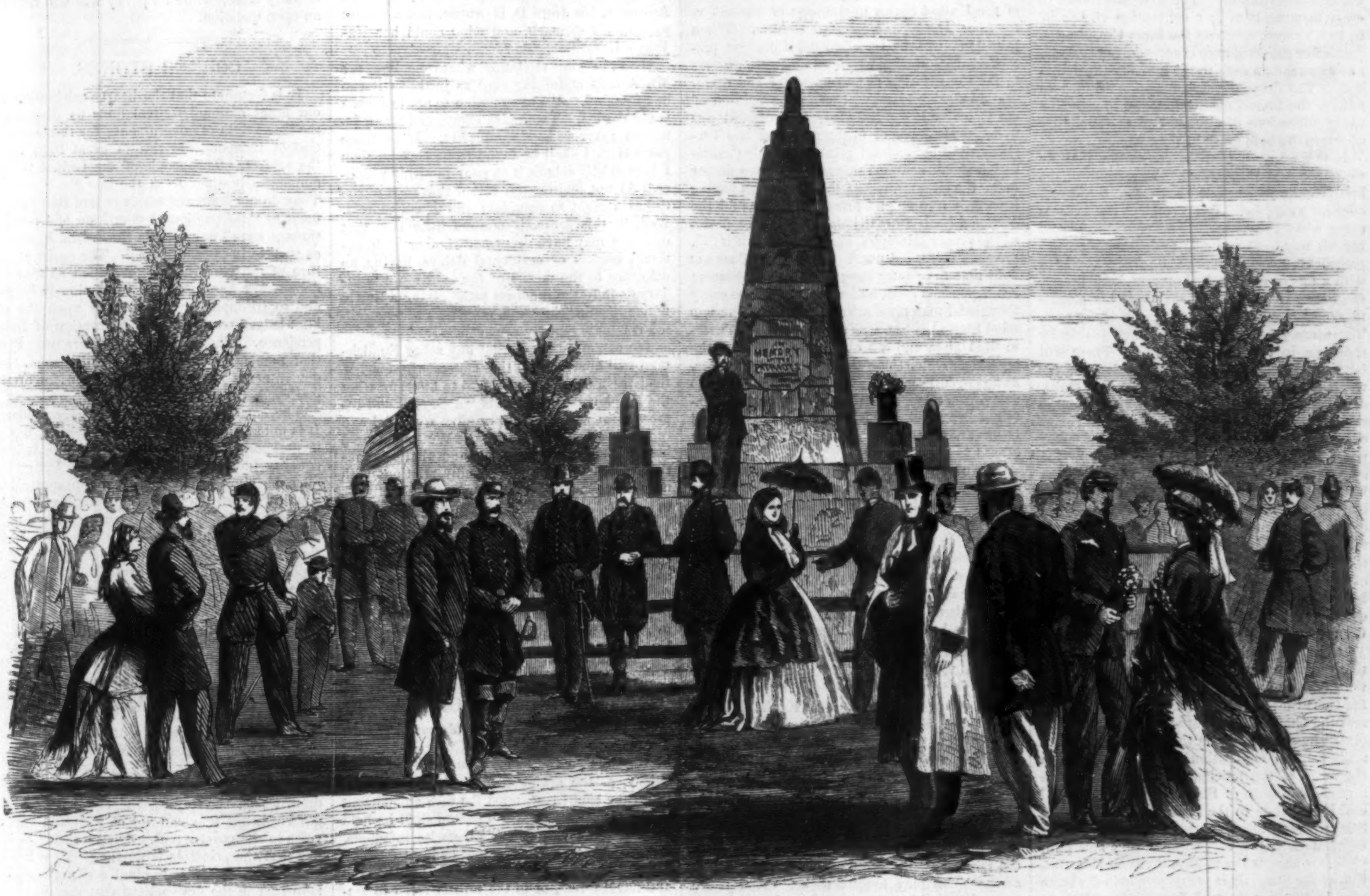
THE battle of Bull Run was the first great battle of the war. It was proper that upon the field where it was fought should be erected the first monuments. The movement to erect such monuments on this field was quite *impromptu*. The idea was conceived by Lieutenant M'CALLUM, of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Light Battery, and under his superintendence the structures were erected in four days, being completed June 10. The next day, the 11th, was chosen for the observance of appropriate dedicatory ceremonies. The party engaging in the performance of these services set out from Washington on an early train. In the President's car were several distinguished officers, among whom were Generals HEINTZELMAN, MEIGS, WILCOX, and BENHAM. One who accompanied the expedition gives the following account of the proceedings of the day:

"Arrived at Fairfax Station, about fifty ambulances and a large number of army wagons, tastefully shaded by evergreens, were found to have been placed in readiness by General GAMBLE, in command of that post, to convey the party to the battle-field. The morning was lowery, the air rather chilly, and the prospect of a pleasant trip rather unfavorable; but at ten o'clock the sun had dispelled the sombre clouds, and gave to nature a bright and cheerful aspect.

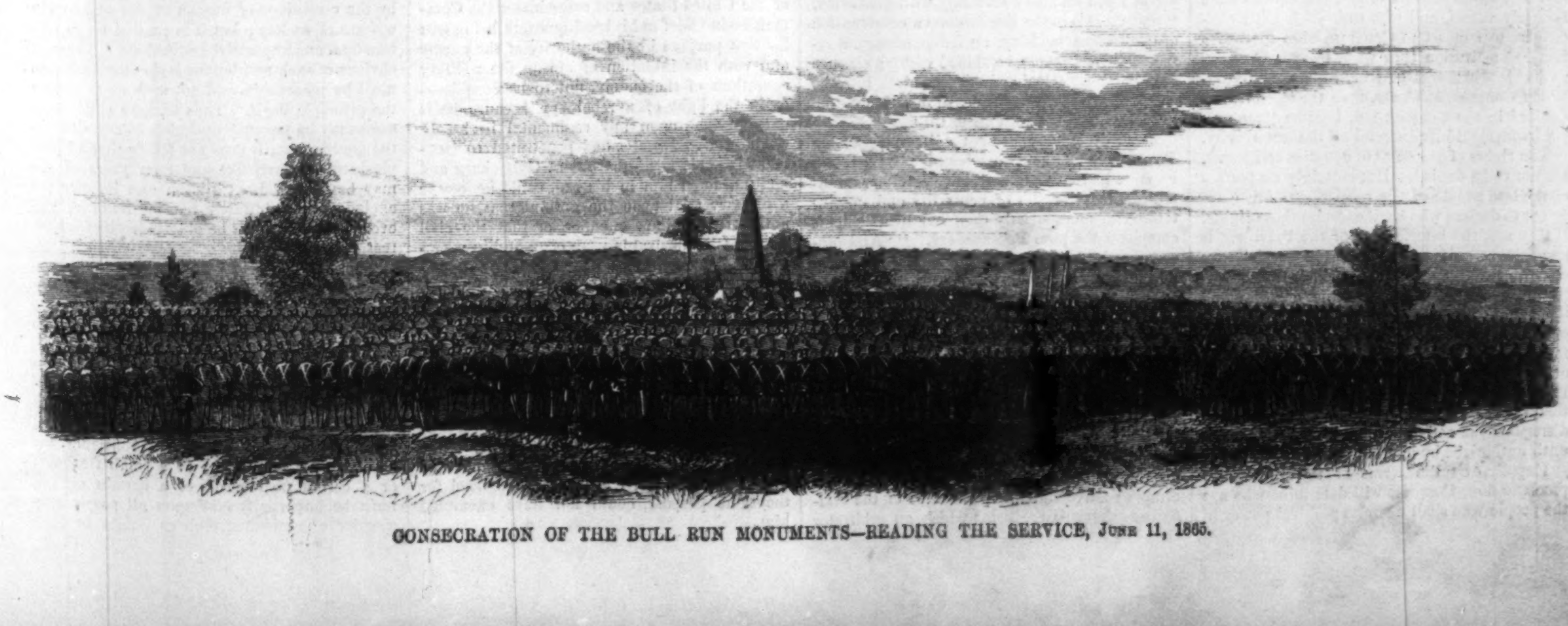
"The ride from the Station to Fairfax Court House, and thence to the battle-field, was delightful; and as the long procession moved over the hills and through the valleys of this once fertile now desolate region, all appeared to be deeply impressed with the interesting scene and the solemn occasion.

"Passing Centreville at about ten o'clock, we arrived at Bull Run bridge a few minutes before eleven. About three-fourths of a mile beyond the bridge, on the hill, is the site of the first monument. Arrived at the spot we found Colonel GALLUP, with his regiment of the Fifth Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, dismounted, a squadron of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and Captain SCOTT's battery of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Light Artillery drawn up in line near the monument, with a fine brass band at their head. Soon afterward the band struck up a solemn dirge, and the troops, with reversed arms, marched up to the monument. A most impressive prayer and the solemn burial-service of the Episcopal Church was then read by Rev. Dr. M'MURDY, specially invited to officiate on the occasion. A hymn, written for the occasion by the poet PIERPONT, was sung, a salvo fired by the artillery, and addresses by Judge OLIN, Generals WILCOX, FARNSWORTH, and HEINTZELMAN, closed the exercises.

"About one-half of the party, including all of the distinguished personages present, repaired to Groveton, about two miles further to the right, where another monument had been erected, and where appropriate ceremonies, as in the first instance, were duly observed. The first mentioned monument is about twenty feet in height, and is a pointed column, built of red sandstone ornamented with 100-pound elongated shells. This shaft will not, we are inclined to believe, last many years. It bears on its surface the inscription, 'Erected to the memory of the patriots who fell at Bull Run July 21, 1861.' The other is about sixteen feet in height, and is composed in great part of shot, shell, and other materials of war collected



MONUMENT ERECTED ON THE FIELD OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D.C.]



CONSECRATION OF THE BULL RUN MONUMENTS—READING THE SERVICE, JUNE 11, 1865.

from the field. This monument possesses more interest than the first-named, and will probably endure for a much longer period. It also bears an inscription similar to that contained on the former.

"About four o'clock the greater portion of those present started on their return trip, the pleasure and harmony of which was unmolested by a single unpleasant occurrence."

The illustrations which we give on our first page and on page 404 are from photographs taken on the spot by **Gardner**, of Washington, and form a part of his interesting series of photographs relating to the war. The monument illustrated on our first page is that erected on the field of the first battle of Bull Run, fought July 21, 1861. The location of the monument is on a commanding crest, about three hundred yards southeast of the Henry House, and on the identical spot where **Heintzelman**'s Division made their hardest fight, and from which they were finally driven back, by the arrival of **Kirby Smith**'s reinforcements, after having flanked and driven the enemy from Sudley Church, on Bull Run, where **Heintzelman** and **Hunter** crossed their divisions.

On page 404 we give an illustration of the Sixteenth New York Artillery firing a salute on the spot where **Rickett**'s Battery was captured by the rebels in the first Bull Run battle.

The monument erected at Groveton commemorates the Second Battle of Bull Run, fought August 28, 29, and 30, 1862. An illustration of this is given on page 404.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 1, 1865.

REORGANIZATION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has issued his proclamations for the reorganization of most of the late rebel States. The first movement in every instance is to be a convention chosen by those who were voters by the State Constitution just before the ordinance of secession was passed, and who take an oath to the amnesty proclamation. The duty of the convention will be to re-form the State Constitution, and to prescribe the qualifications of electors and the eligibility of persons to hold office in the State.

If this were all that the convention is to do we might well be alarmed. The result of the late election in Virginia shows what the consequences would be. But President **Johnson** is doing what President **Lincoln** did: he is feeling his way. Summoned to deal with an unprecedented condition of public affairs he moves with a proper and prudent caution. He knows, of course, as well as any man that his proclamations proceed from the necessity of the case. There are practically no "people," politically speaking, in the late rebel States. There will be none except by the consent and upon the terms of the national Government. The President is now taking the first step toward deciding who shall be the people of those States and exercise the power of determining electors—a power which, as he truly remarks, the people of the several States composing the Federal Union have rightfully exercised from the origin of the Government to the present time. The decision of this important point—namely, who are henceforth to be the people of the late rebel States, the President does not finally leave to a body of persons in the State arbitrarily selected by himself, but refers to the sole authority in the country which can rightfully determine it—the Congress of the United States.

It is not enough, in the President's opinion, that those who were voters at the time of secession, and who now take the oath, shall re-form the Constitution of the State. It is not enough that the Constitution so re-formed shall be accepted by such voters as that Constitution prescribes. The convention and people must, in the words of the proclamation, "present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." Congress alone is the judge of what is such a republican form; and until Congress accepts the re-formed or new Constitution of the State, there are no people in the State who have the power of determining electors. Thus by his proclamations the President merely invites those residents of the States who were formerly voters, and who satisfy his other conditions, to suggest to Congress what kind of a State Constitution they wish, leaving Congress to decide whether it be truly republican or not. When Congress approves, then the electors, recognized in the Constitution, become "the people," who rightfully exercise all State authority.

The rights of States, as of counties and towns, are not to be denied. But certainly no portion of the late people of the rebel States are competent to declare who shall exercise those rights. If they are, the interference of the President is impertinent. If there be a State of Texas which has rights not to be touched, that of settling the suffrage is one of the chief among them; and, in that case, according to the theory of States which is now asserted in some quarters, the call of Mr. **Murrah**, elected Governor according to the laws of Texas, convening the Legislature similarly elected, is more legitimate than that of President **Johnson**, which entirely disregards the action of the people of the State until authorized by himself.

Happily, by the terms of the President's proclamation, Congress will determine who are the people who shall exercise political power in the late rebel States. The proceedings in those States toward reorganization will therefore be extremely interesting as they are more or less likely to be recognized by Congress. What is already known of the character and views of the new House of Representatives assures us that no constitution will be approved which is not truly republican. The frank expression of Senator **Sherman**, one of the most cautious men in the Senate, indicates also the probable action of that body.

The power of Congress in the matter is incontestable, not only from the necessity of the case, which is so important a consideration in the whole question of reconstruction, but from the decisions of the Supreme Court. According to the President's proclamation, those who may be summoned to vote are "to present such a republican form of State Government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." The process of reorganizing the States thus indicated by the President is analogous to that of organizing a Territory. We may not be willing to allow that the States have become Territories. We may insist that the States, as such, are only dormant, or in abeyance, or disabled, or whatever term better suits our theory. But all such speculations are, as Mr. **Lincoln** called them, "pernicious abstractions." The important consideration is the return of the people of the State under a republican form of government to their relations with the National Union, and Congress may properly declare the principles upon which those State Governments shall rest.

In his excellent treatise upon "Secession and Slavery," which we commend to all who are interested in this question, Mr. **Joel Prentiss Bishop** quotes the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Permoli* v. *the First Municipality of New Orleans*. When Louisiana was to be admitted Congress prescribed the insertion of certain specific matters in the Constitution to be framed for the State. Mr. Justice **Catron**, delivering the opinion of the Court, said: "All Congress intended was to declare in advance to the people of the Territory the fundamental principles their Constitution should contain: this was every way proper under the circumstances: the instrument having been duly formed and presented, it was for the National Legislature to judge whether it contained the proper principles, and to accept it if it did, or reject it if it did not." Mr. **Bishop** does not hold that the States have ceased to be States; but he accepts facts, and acknowledges, as every thoughtful man must acknowledge, that the late rebel States have at present no government within the Union, and can obtain one only upon the conditions which the Union may prescribe. For, as he cogently puts the argument, if there be no recognized Government in a State, there is certainly no republican form there, while the United States are constitutionally bound to secure such a form to every State.

When, therefore, Congress meets and encounters this question, it will proceed to settle it a hundred-fold more wisely than it could have been settled under the Louisiana debate last winter. For the subject will be thoroughly discussed before the assembling of Congress; and the American people will pronounce unmistakably their conviction that no form of State Government is republican which is not founded upon the whole body of adult freemen.

THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

Mr. **Adams**, our minister in England, is understood to have presented once more the little bill for the *Alabama*. The comments of the English press upon the subject irresistibly recall the chapter in **Dickens**'s "Our Mutual Friend," called "Podsnappery." Mr. **Podsnap** addresses a guest at his table, who had been so unfortunate as not to be born in England. "This island was Blest, Sir," says Mr. **Podsnap**, "to the Direct Exclusion of such Other Countries as—as there may happen to be. And if we were all Englishmen present I would say," added Mr. **Podsnap**, looking round upon his compatriots and sounding solemnly with his theme, "that there is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, an independence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of every thing calculated to call a blush into the cheek of a young person, which one would seek in vain among the Nations of the Earth."

Mr. **Podsnap** at present edits the London *Times*, in which he says solemnly: "Certainly no state in Europe or the New World has maintained the principles of neutrality and non-interference more strictly than our own." This completes the pure Podsnappery. "'And other countries,' said the foreign gentleman, 'they do how?' 'They do, Sir,' returned Mr. **Podsnap**, gravely shaking his head, 'they do—I am sorry to be obliged to say it—*as* they do.'"

He further says, in the London *Times*: "All that we now contend for is, that when a vessel does actually evade such fair vigilance as a neutral may be expected to maintain, a belligerent has no claim to be compensated." This opens the direct question of responsibility. If a neutral does not exercise fair vigilance she is liable for the consequences. Was the British Government fairly vigilant in the case of the *Alabama?* That is the point which an arbitrator would regard. What then, briefly, are the facts?

On the 23d of June, 1862, Mr. **Adams** told Lord **Russell** that a formidable war steamer was building under suspicious circumstances at Liverpool. On the 25th Lord **Russell** said that he would inquire at once. On the 1st of July the persons to whom the matter was referred reported that the builders did "not appear disposed to answer any questions!" and Lord **Russell** declined to interfere until further proof should be presented. This was done. His Lordship made technical objections, but the proof was perfected on the 23d of July. On the 29th the opinion of the law officers of the Crown was received, and an order was sent on that day to detain the ship, which had dropped down, *earlier on the same day*, to Moelfra Bay, forty miles below Liverpool, on the Welsh coast. On the 30th July Mr. **Dudley**, United States Consul at Liverpool, informed the collector of that port that a steam-tug at Birkenhead was taking on men, beams for gun-carriages, and cutlasses. The consul had been authorized to communicate with the collector by Lord **Russell**, but the collector did nothing. The tug put her munitions upon the *Alabama*, and she sailed. Thus the law officers took *six days* to decide that the *Alabama* should be stopped. On the day the order of detention is issued she drops out of the stream. On the following day the authorities are informed that a tender is loading for her. And on the next day, having received men, munitions, and supplies from the tender, the *Alabama* puts to sea, the Government meanwhile having taken no steps whatever. When amazement is expressed at the delay of six days, Lord **Russell** admits that the case had been "a scandal and a reproach"—but the Queen's Advocate, Sir **John D. Harding**, had a violent pain in his stomach, and what could her Majesty's Government do?

If this be "fair vigilance" what is negligence? Mr. **Adams** states the case as justly as it can be presented. "The omission to act in season is not denied. The injury committed on an innocent party is beyond dispute. If in these particulars I shall be found to be correct, then I respectfully submit it to your Lordship whether it do not legitimately follow that such a party has a right to complain and to ask redress. And, in this sense, it matters little how that omission may have occurred, whether by intentional neglect or accidental delays, having no reference to the merits of the question, the injury done to the innocent party giving a timely notice remains the same, and those who permitted it remain equally responsible."

We can not believe that any sober Englishman will quarrel with this statement. And if the British Government refuse to atone for what the Foreign Secretary calls "a scandal and reproach," it will make its country a scandal and reproach among the nations. We are assured by the public voice of England that the nation wishes to maintain friendly relations with us. Her Government has now an opportunity of showing the sincerity of the wish, not by any questionable step, not under menace, but by the frank and honorable resolution to repair the consequences of an official negligence so gross as to be characterized as "a scandal and reproach." Nothing could go so far toward healing the sore feeling of the last four years, and to restore actual amity between the people of both countries.

THE MILITARY COURT.

The argument of **Reverdy Johnson** against the authority of the Military Court now sitting in Washington is elaborate and able. It rests chiefly, as the arguments of all who have opposed the Court rest, upon the fifth amendment of the Constitution: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous, crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land and naval forces, or in the militia when in active service in time of war or public danger."

But is a man who enters the military lines of the United States and assassinates the Commander-in-Chief at his head-quarters, being sent for that purpose by the authority of the enemy and with the intention of aiding the military operations of the enemy, not to be considered as in the light of a rebel spy because he is not enrolled upon any regimental list? If **George N. Sanders** had penetrated to General **Meade**'s head-quarters at Gettysburg and had murdered him in his bed, could he escape a military trial upon the ground that he was not a true military offender, or that the civil courts of Pennsylvania were open and in operation? Are **Sanders**, **Thompson**, **Tucker**, and **Clay**, organizing in Canada raids, poisonings, fires, and massacres to promote the success of the rebellion, not to be considered in the light of rebel spies because their names may not appear upon the rebel army roll? If **Booth** had held a rebel military commission, whether he had ever actually borne arms for the rebellion or not, would he not have been liable to a military trial for the assassination? The mere fact of his being a simple civilian, when empowered by the same authority to do the same deed for the same purpose, could not have exempted him.

If so, **Lee**, in order to serve his cause more surely, might, under instructions from the rebel authorities, have resigned his commission, changed his clothes, entered **Meade**'s lines, murdered him, and then have pleaded his right to a civil court and a jury, as not being truly amenable to military trial. Is that the intention of the Constitution? If **Booth** had been a rebel picket when Mr. **Lincoln** went to the front, and had been taken immediately after shooting him, he could have been tried by a military court. But was he less a rebel picket in Washington, doing exactly the same thing, merely because he was not in uniform, and held no commission?

Mr. **Johnson** appeals to the precedents of the attempted assassination of **George Third**, and of **Victoria**, to the murder of Mr. **Perceval** as he entered the Parliament House, to the trials of **Hardy** and **Foster** in the early part of the century; but not one of the instances he cites is parallel to that of the present conspiracy. If England and France were at war, and the French authorities should hire an assassin to enter London, then garrisoned and under martial law, to take the life of the commander-in-chief at his head-quarters, is there any doubt that the murderer might be tried by military law? And if such a court were ordered by "the administration of the day," does Mr. **Johnson** suppose that that administration would find itself unable "to withstand the torrent of the people's indignation?"

The views of an accomplished lawyer like Mr **Johnson** will be regarded with respect by all who understand the question. But we have little doubt that Judge Advocate-General **Holt** will demonstrate the constitutionality of this military trial; while its policy will still remain an open question.

CORNER STONES.

It is fortunate that the hearty celebration of our great national festival finds us discussing the true origin of government; for the Declaration of Independence throws great light upon the subject. The people of the United States emphatically differ from the late Mr. **Choate**. They do not contemptuously regard that instrument as "the passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war;" nor despise the truths it asserts as "glittering generalities." The entire structure of the Government for which so tremendous a war has just been so gloriously fought and so triumphantly ended rests upon the acknowledged truths of the Declaration of Independence. Those cardinal truths are two: first, that men are created equal; and second, that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed.

The equality thus asserted is very evident. It is not an equality of personal qualities, nor of mental powers, nor of social condition. It is an equality immediately defined as a common inalienable right to life, liberty, and property; an equality before the law. The problem of government is simply how to secure and maintain that equality; how to protect the equal natural rights of men. According to our fathers this problem was made easy of solution by the principle they had already announced. The long experience of the world and of their recent relation to Great Britain showed that no form of government was so likely to secure equal rights as one founded upon popular consent. If all men are born equal, no man and no body of men can have a right to limit or destroy the original rights of others. Hence government must spring from the consent of the governed. Every subject of government must rightfully have a voice in it.

Practically that is impossible. Young children, idiots, the insane, the criminal, are all governed, but they can not be intrusted with a voice in the government. Does it therefore follow that the principle is untrue? Does it follow because every individual can not actually take part in the government that therefore one man or a few individuals may rightfully govern? No. The application of the principle is limited by the conditions of human nature and by the welfare of society; but it is limited under certain final and imperative restrictions. The most obvious of such restrictions is that the limitation must be reasonable and not such as to destroy the principle itself. Thus because children in arms may be properly excluded from a share in the government, it does not follow that all people between thirty-five and forty years of age may be excluded. Children and lunatics are excluded not arbitrarily but for reasons; and every exclusion must be able to justify itself by reason.

Thus it is utterly foolish to argue that because there must be limitations there may be any limitations; that, because criminals may be excluded, therefore shoemakers may be. The exclusion must rest upon some plain and universal reason: but even in that case no exclusion can be legitimate which destroys the original principle itself. And whatever the restriction may be, it must apply to the whole community. If the test be a certain literary proficiency, the ability to read or write; or a small freehold; or a certain residence; or a certain age; it must be impartially laid upon all people irrespective of accidents, such as height or complexion, the form of the features or the fashion of the clothes. For ourselves, we have little doubt that the good sense of the country will soon seriously consider whether, if the principle of our government be correct, sex ought to be a political disability.

For the present, however, the practical question is how far the people in North Carolina and other States, who will soon be called upon to reorganize their governments, believe in the fundamental principles of the American system. Do they believe that men are created equal? Do they believe that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed? Do they believe that taxation and representation ought to go together? If they do, they will frame republican constitutions for their States. If they do not, they will defer their restoration to the privileges of American citizens.

REBEL BELLIGERENT RIGHTS WITHDRAWN.

HOLLAND, France, and England have withdrawn their recognition of belligerent rights to the late rebels in the United States. The true history of the subject, so far as England is concerned, has been lately related by **GEORGE BEMIS**, an accomplished publicist of Boston, in a valuable pamphlet called "Hasty Recognition of Rebel Belligerency." In this clear and admirable work Mr. **BEMIS** shows conclusively that the British recognition of the rebels as belligerents was not a matter of necessity but of choice; and that the plea of Earl **RUSSELL** and of "Historicus" (Mr. **VERNON HARCOURT**), that the order for the blockade compelled England "to follow the United States" in admitting belligerent rights was purely an after-thought.

The variety of proof which Mr. **BEMIS** adduces shows thoughtful study and the acutest observation. His case is complete. Lord **RUSSELL** is condemned out of his own mouth and off his own pen. Even in his speech defending himself against Mr. **BRIGHT**, his lordship says that "our advisers told us we were *entitled* [not compelled] to recognize the existence of belligerent rights." The over-zealous "Historicus" had said two days before, "It was a matter not of choice but of necessity." The truth is, that at the time of declaring itself the Government of Great Britain had not been officially informed even of the intention of a blockade; and if it had been, the notification of an intention of blockade is not such an interference with commerce as to justify *un*-friendly powers in declaring belligerency.

The President's blockade proclamation was issued on the 19th of April, 1861. It was officially communicated to Earl **RUSSELL** in a dispatch of Lord **LYONS** on the 22d April, which was received at the Foreign Office in London on the *tenth* May. On the *sixth* of May Lord **JOHN RUSSELL** announced that the Cabinet, having consulted the law officers, had come to the conclusion that the "Southern Confederacy of America [in those days it was not "so-called"] must be treated as a belligerent." On the same day, four days before he had officially heard of the proposed blockade, he writes to Lord **LYONS** that "the Confederacy"—meaning the Union—is in a state of "disruption," and that as "the provinces" are arrayed in arms against each other, the British Government can not refuse to recognize the "Southern States" as belligerents. He writes to Lord **COWLEY** at Paris in the same strain. But neither in his letters nor in his speeches is there the least mention of the blockade as leaving the Government no alternative. A civil war has broken out between the States of what he calls "the late Union." That is enough for the law officers; and his lordship, six days after he learns that the President intends to take steps to suppress a rebellion, recognizes the rebels as belligerents, and asks Lord **LYONS** to make no mystery of the fact.

This is what Mr. **BEMIS** mildly calls "Hasty Recognition." Whether a Government acting in such a spirit and upon such grounds was likely to preserve an honest neutrality, whether she would open all her eyes and stretch out all her hands to discover and detain unlawfully equipped ships, are questions not very difficult to answer.

A CONDITION OF PARDON.

THE form of the pardon granted by the President to repentant rebels is published. It takes effect from the day upon which the oath is taken prescribed in the proclamation of May 29, and is *void* if at any time thereafter the pardoned person acquires any property in slaves, or makes any use of slave labor.

There is no mistaking that condition. No wonder that **BERIAH M'GOFFIN**, of Kentucky, pronounces for the emancipation amendment. Henceforth the colored population of the late rebel States are personally free. That they are citizens has been already held by Attorney-General **BATES**. There are probably more than four millions of them—about a seventh of the entire population of the country—and they can never again be reduced to personal bondage.

Fortunately for the rest of us they are a mild and docile people; but, as a class, they are undoubtedly shrewder and more intelligent than the lower class of the whites—"the white trash" of the Southern States. In many of those States the colored population is in very large proportion to the whole—in some sections, indeed, it is more than half. With their new condition of freedom their character will inevitably change. Conscious of rights, they will naturally assert them. Free speech and a free press being secured throughout the country, they will hear their claims as American citizens discussed and proclaimed. Leaders among themselves, like **FREDERICK DOUGLASS**, will incite their ambition, and direct their efforts to obtain that equality before the laws to which every American freeman may justly aspire. They are henceforth an important political element in the country, and until they obtain that political position from which nothing but a prejudice debars them the attempt to attain it will constantly agitate both the States in which they live and the country at large.

We say nothing but a prejudice debars them. We shall gladly own our error if the people who are to re-form the Constitutions of North Carolina and Mississippi limit the suffrage to all who satisfy a test of education. If they do otherwise—if they allow ignorant persons to vote merely because they are white—our conviction will be confirmed. But such an exclusion, even if approved by Congress, settles nothing. The moment it becomes lawful, the moment the subject passes from the immediate control of the country at large, the agitation begins in every State for a constitutional amendment forbidding any State to impose an unjust or whimsical disability, while in the States where the disabled population is large a party will instantly pronounce for an impartial rule of suffrage. And that party agitating for the political equality of nearly half the population will at last and inevitably prevail.

This unquestionable truth, and the fact that the President plainly informs the people whom he invites to begin the work of reorganization that the State, as a State, will be entitled to the guaranty of the United States against "invasion, insurrection, and domestic violence" only upon the presentation of a proper republican form of State government, must certainly have great influence upon truly sensible men in the Southern States. If they are wise they will accept the situation. They will ask whether Congress can fairly be expected to guarantee against domestic violence a State which arbitrarily disfranchises half of its loyal and industrial population; whether, indeed, such a guaranty would not be very sure to perpetuate internal convulsion and trouble? Wise citizens will propose a qualification for suffrage which is really republican. They will save the prolonged trouble, excitement, and uncertainty of the Territorial condition in which their blindness to facts will surely retain them.

CÆSAR UPON CONSPIRATORS.

WE observe that some of the papers which half excused the crime of **JEFFERSON DAVIS** now commend the speech of **JULIUS CÆSAR** to the Roman Senate upon the Catilinian conspirators as a masterly plea for clemency to the rebel chiefs. We are certainly in favor of the utmost humanity, although what humanity is in any particular case may not always be indisputable. But a very false impression is conveyed if it be understood that **CÆSAR** opposed the course of the law. On the contrary, it was for the full course of the law that he argued. The curious will find his speech in the Emperor's History of **CÆSAR**. "Indeed," he says, "if there be a punishment adequate to their offenses, I will approve the new measure; but if, on the contrary, the vastness of the crime exceeds all that can be imagined, we should adhere, I think, to that which has been provided by the laws."

THE SECOND CORPS.

THE frequent change in the commanding officers of several army corps has led to numerous misstatements which, without any intention on the part of writers, do injustice to some of the most worthy heroes of the war. This is especially the case with the Second Corps. No one can forget the gallant General **SUMNER**; but it not unfrequently happens that in hasty or careless records his position as commander of the Second Corps is entirely ignored. We can say this with better grace perhaps from the fact that in our notice of the grand review at Washington we fell into the same error.

The Second Corps, commanded during the Peninsular Campaign by General E. V. **SUMNER**, may with justice be said to have especially borne the brunt of the "Seven days' battles" before Richmond. At Malvern Hill the soldiers of this corps made for themselves a name which will never die. During **M'CLELLAN**'s retreat at one time the command of the entire army devolved upon General **SUMNER** in the absence of the commanding General, the command of the Second Corps in the mean time falling to the brave General J. B. **RICHARDSON**, a division commander. **RICHARDSON**'s division, the First, consisted of brigades commanded by Generals **HOWARD**, **FRENCH**, and **MEAGHER**. At Antietam the Second Corps was commanded by General **SUMNER**, and it was here that General **RICHARDSON**, still commanding the first division, received a wound which proved mortal and deprived the country of one of its noblest soldiers.

Afterward General **HANCOCK** commanded the Second Corps, which is now under the command of General **HUMPHREYS**. The record of the Second Corps under these two Generals is too fresh in the popular mind to need any words of ours. Under such officers as **MILES**, **BARLOW**, and **MOTT** it has distinguished itself on every battle-field from the Rappahannock to the James.

A MEMORY.

THE autumn night is cool and still:
  Why are my thoughts so far away?
  Why turn they to that summer day—
The day we fought at Malvern Hill?

I can not choose but see again
  That fearful sight—the cannon's breath
  That brought the messengers of death—
The upturned faces of the slain.

And he whose heart in mine was woven
  With something more than friendship's thread
  Lay on the blood-red hill-side dead—
Dead, with his Spartan valor proven.

The night before the battle came
  We lay beneath our shelter-tent;
  Grim visions came, soft visions went—
We mingled dreams of home and fame.

The dear old walks appeared in view,
  The sweet, familiar hearth-stone scene;
  Then lines of armed men rose between,
And all the air was sulph'rous blue.

I woke; his eyes were closed in sleep—
  In that deep sleep, that calm repose
  That buries all life's fancied woes,
And leaves the soul in angels' keep.

Ah me! one little day, and then
  Where all the shades that we adore,
  Like forms familiar walk the shore,
He walked, and was not known of men.

He died the death; his life is past;
  But that sweet memory that we hold
  Of him is pure as Eastern gold,
And dearer than Fame's clarion blast.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE extent to which the work of reconstruction in the Southern States has gone on is indicated in the following brief synopsis of facts:

On the 29th of May President Johnson issued an Amnesty Proclamation, the provisions of which are already familiar to our readers. On the same day the President appointed William H. Holden Provisional Governor of North Carolina, to hold that office until such time as the regular government could be organized by the loyal people of the State.

June 12, Governor Holden issued a proclamation to the people of North Carolina to the effect that at the earliest practicable period a convention will be held in accordance with the President's proclamation of May 29.

June 13, the President appointed Judge William L. Sharkey Provisional Governor of Mississippi. The same day he declared the insurrection to have ceased in Tennessee, and removed all disabilities and disqualifications attaching to that State and its citizens. The same was declared in regard to the State of Missouri.

June 16, Governor Pierpont issued a proclamation convening the Legislature of Virginia in secret session June 19.

June 17, Hon. James Johnson was appointed Provisional Governor of Georgia, and Hon. A. J. Hamilton of Texas.

Provisional Governors are yet to be appointed for Alabama, South Carolina, and Florida.

The following Southern States have elected regular Governors, as follows: Kentucky, Thomas E. Bramlette; Maryland, Thomas Swann; Tennessee, William G. Brownlow; Virginia, Francis H. Pierpont; Missouri, Thomas C. Fletcher; Arkansas, John Murphy; Louisiana, James Madison Wells.

The following prominent rebels have applied for pardon under the provisions of President Johnson's amnesty proclamation: Alexander H. Stephens; R. M. T. Hunter; Postmaster-General Reagan; W. W. Boyce, of South Carolina; T. O. Gholson, of Virginia; William T. Avery, of Tennessee; R. H. Hill, of Georgia; Major-Generals J. B. Kershaw, William Mahone, George Pickett, and Echols; and Brigadier-Generals J. B. Simms, Basil W. Duke, H. A. Quarles, M. J. Wright, H. P. Jackson, Wm. H. Peck, William C. Wickham, J. R. Anderson, W. N. B. Pratt, W. L. Capett, and R. L. Page.

NEWS ITEMS.

The report of the mutiny among the colored soldiers of the Texas Expedition was exaggerated. The mutiny consisted of quite a general dissatisfaction arising from the unwillingness of the negroes to go to Texas. One company positively refused to go. There was no difficulty in quelling this momentary insubordination.

Major-General Terry has been appointed to the military command of Virginia.

Brigadier-General Frank Fessenden has reported at Camp Stoneman, to take command of the first brigade, first division of Hancock's Corps. The division is now commanded by Brevet Major-General Caroll, who has been placed on duty according to his brevet rank.

Brevet Major-General J. W. Turner, lately commanding the second division of the Twenty-fourth Corps, has assumed the command of the district of Henrico, Virginia.

Brigadier-General M. R. Patrick, Provost-Marshal-General of the Department of Virginia, has tendered his resignation, and it is understood that he will be relieved forthwith.

Brevet Lieutenant-General Scott celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday on the 13th. He is, as usual, spending his summer at West Point, and we are pleased to hear that his health and spirits are improved.

Major-General Mower has received 30 days' leave of absence, at the expiration of which he will report for duty to General Sheridan. Major De Grasse and Captains O'Reilly and Christensen, of his personal staff, accompany him.

Major-General Herron has resigned his commission, and will return to his home in Dubuque, Iowa.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, of Hancock's staff, is brevetted Brigadier-General for personal bravery.

Major-General J. H. Wilson, commanding our forces in Lower Georgia, has his head-quarters in Macon.

Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman has been appointed brevet Major-General for gallantry at Port Hudson.

Captain Robert Lincoln has sent to the Chicago Fair the manuscript copy of the message sent to Congress by his late father on April 16, 1862.

Major-General Grierson has been assigned to the command of the cavalry forces in the Department of the Gulf.

Major-General Ord has been assigned to the military command of the State of Oregon, head-quarters at Portland.

Admiral Farragut has accepted the invitation of the Mayor of Boston to celebrate the Fourth of July in that city.

Brevet Major-General Birge has assumed command of the District of Savannah, Georgia. His head-quarters will be in the State Bank, Savannah, formerly occupied by General Grover. Brevet Brigadier-General Woodford has assumed his position as post-commandant and established his head-quarters in the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Bryan Street, opposite General Birge's head-quarters.

Generals Halleck and Stoneman have written letters to the War Department in reply to the strictures upon them made by General Sherman. General Halleck is understood to throw all the responsibility of his action in the premises upon Lieutenant-General Grant, and General Stoneman to claim that by acting upon his own judgment he compelled the fugitive Jeff Davis and his party to take up a line of march which resulted in his capture by the troops sent out to head him off.

Governors Vance and Letcher are yet confined in the Capitol prison, and have not yet applied for pardon, although it is expected they will do so.

In consequence of the continued indisposition of Mr. Frederick W. Seward, Clarence A. Seward, of New York, has been appointed by the President Acting Assistant Secretary of State.

Noah Brooks, the Washington correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, has been appointed Naval Officer, and ex-Congressman Thomas B. Shannon Surveyor, for the port of San Francisco.

A treaty recently concluded between our Government and that of Honduras provides for the neutrality of the contemplated interoceanic railway across the territory of the latter, and its freedom to the Government and people of this country, in consideration of which the United States agrees to protect this public enterprise from interruption or seizure by any other power.

On Wednesday, June 14, John Mitchell, editor of the *Daily News*, late of the Richmond *Enquirer*, was arrested by order of the Government and conveyed to Fortress Monroe.

On the 15th of June a delegation of colored men from Richmond had an interview with President Johnson for the purpose of asking a special inquiry into their condition under the military restrictions at Richmond, which condition, they allege, is not better than it was when they were in slavery.

The Twentieth Army Corps has ceased to exist as an organization. Twenty-two of its forty-five regiments have been mustered out. The Western portion of the remainder have been transferred to the Fourteenth Corps, at Louisville, and the balance, under General Bartlett, temporarily assigned to General Augur's command.

The officers in charge of the quarter-masters' storehouse at Nashville, destroyed by fire, have saved many stores from the ruins, and now estimate the total loss at about a million and a quarter.

The rebel General Maury, the late rebel Governor Moore, of Alabama, and a man named Gayley, charged with having offered a reward of one million dollars for the murder of President Lincoln, arrived at Fortress Monroe from New Orleans on the 18th of June, under guard.

FOREIGN NEWS.

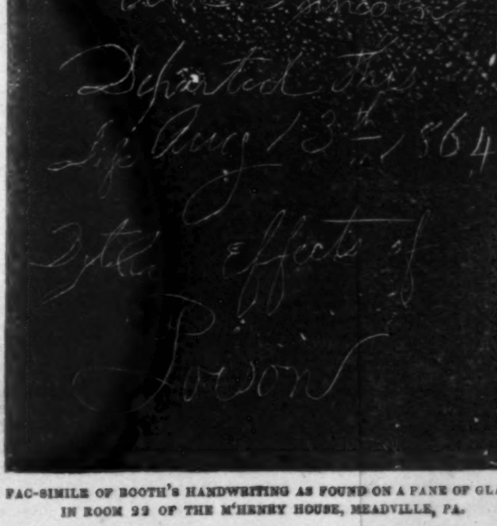
BOTH France and England have withdrawn from the late rebel Government the belligerent rights conceded at the outbreak of hostilities. Earl Russell, in his official notification, acknowledges that "peace has been restored within the whole territory of which the United States of North America, before the commencement of the civil war, were in undisturbed possession," and states that, as a necessary consequence, "her Majesty's several authorities in all ports, harbors, and waters must henceforth refuse permission to any vessel of war carrying a Confederate flag to enter such ports, harbors, and waters," and must require any such vessels forthwith to depart therefrom within twenty-four hours. There is, however, an added proviso that the commander of any rebel vessel may divest his vessel of her warlike character and remain within British waters at his own risk.

The Mexican question is still exciting in France. M. Thiers, the leader of the Opposition in the French Chambers, in a speech on the budget, strongly deprecated the continuance of the French intervention in Mexico, urging that by its cessation an annual saving of at least fifty million francs might be effected. *La France* consoles its readers by arguing that the Monroe doctrine does not apply to Mexico, and that America is too exhausted by previous efforts to engage in a foreign war.

There has been for some weeks a rebellion in progress in the Republic of Hayti against the Government of President Geffrard. At first the insurgents gained some advantages; but at the town of Plaisance they were defeated and routed. President Geffrard issued a proclamation offering pardon to all except the leaders, on condition of their returning to their allegiance.

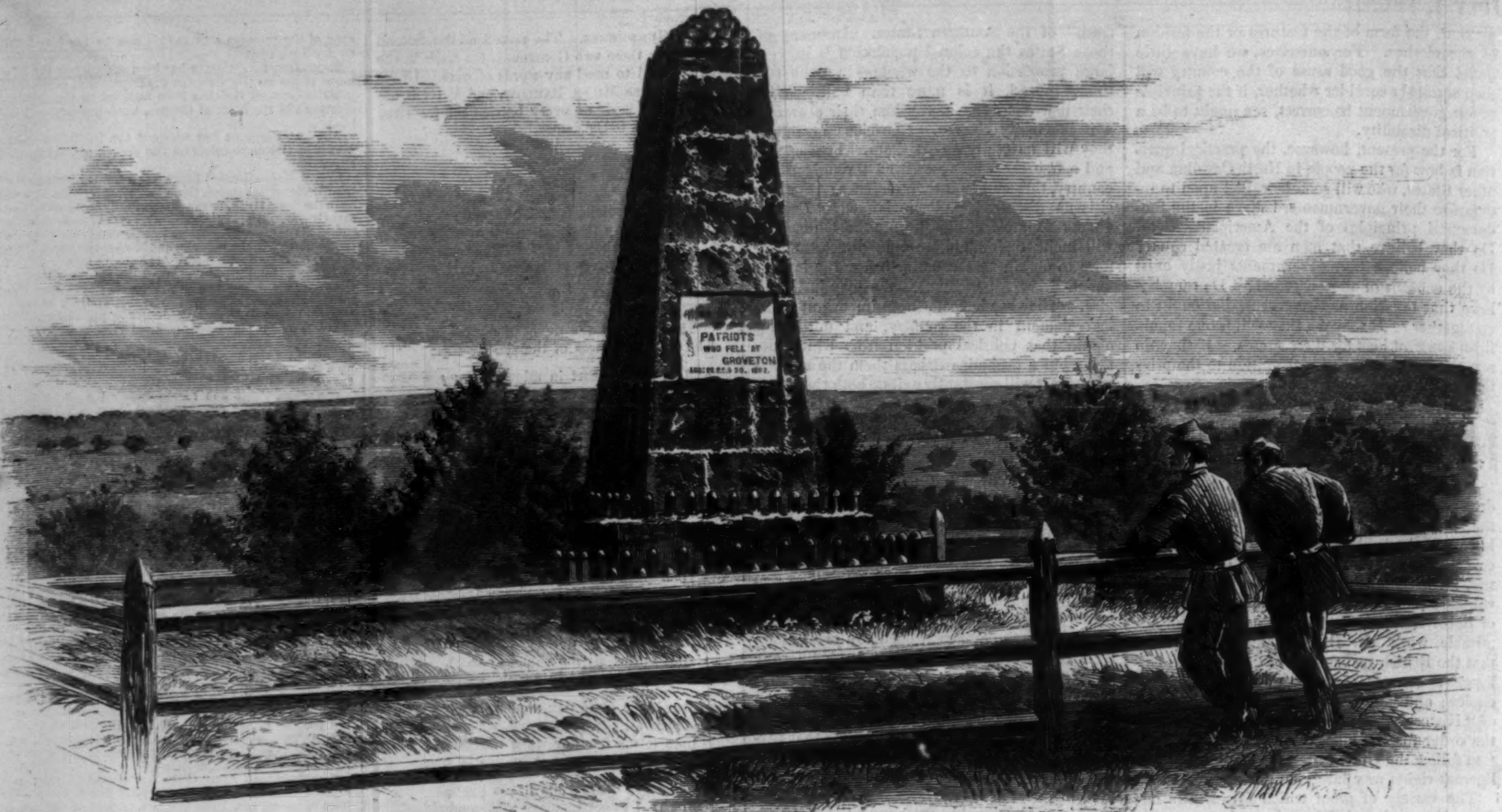
Details of the war among the South American republics confirm the successes of the Paraguayan forces. The Paraguayan army is estimated at sixty thousand; the allied forces opposed to them at seventy-five thousand men.

This war is being waged between Paraguay and the Argentine Republic. With the latter are allied Brazil and Uruguay. The war arises out of the war between Paraguay and Brazil. President Mitré, of the Argentine Republic, had allowed the Brazilians to ascend the Parana River with their fleet to invade Paraguay, and had refused to allow the Paraguayans to cross the Argentine territory to invade Brazil. This unites the two countries against Paraguay. Uruguay, being justly indebted to Brazil for its present peaceful position, has also joined in the movement, and called out the National Guard.

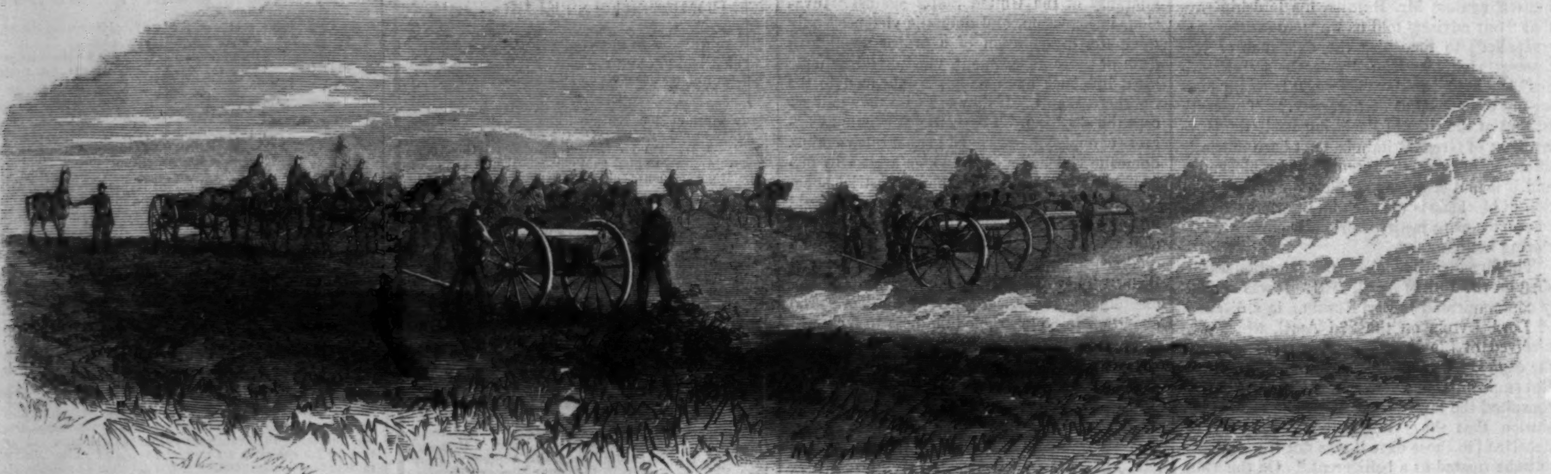


Abe Lincoln
Departed this
Life Aug 13th 1864
By the effects of
Poison

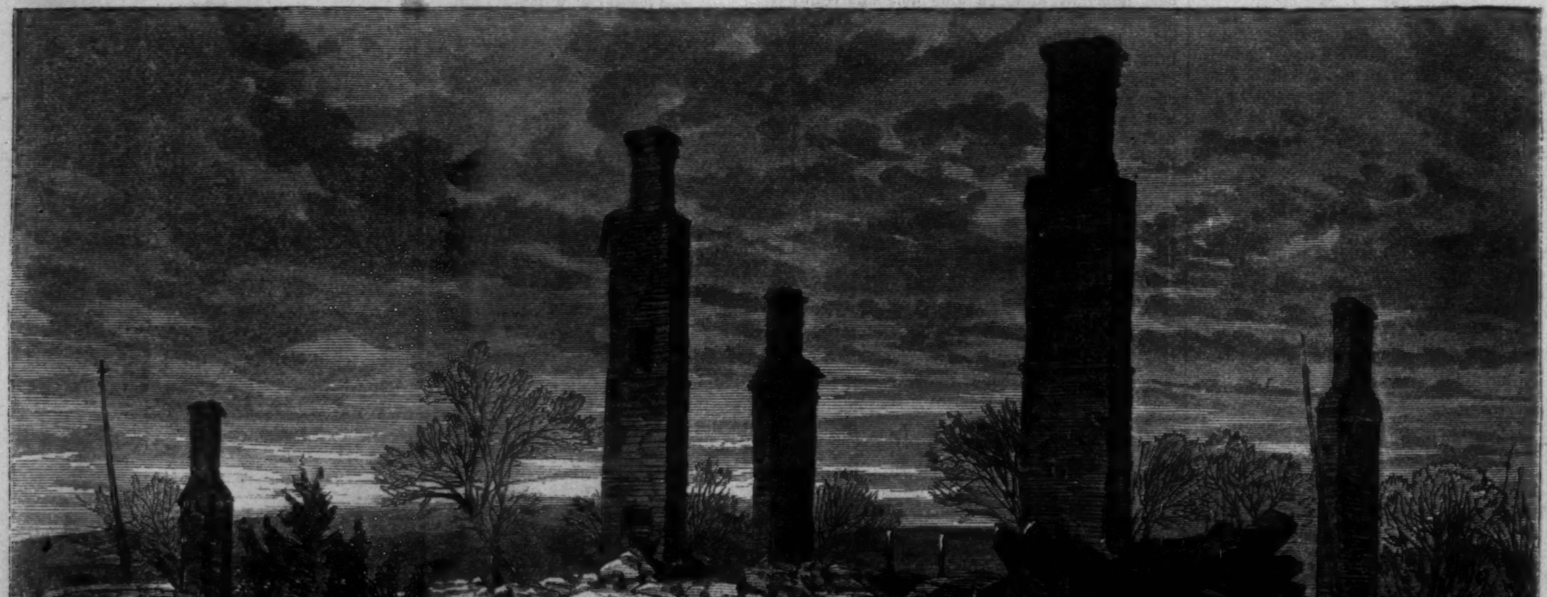
FAC-SIMILE OF BOOTH'S HANDWRITING AS FOUND ON A PANE OF GLASS IN ROOM 22 OF THE M'HENRY HOUSE, MEADVILLE, PA.



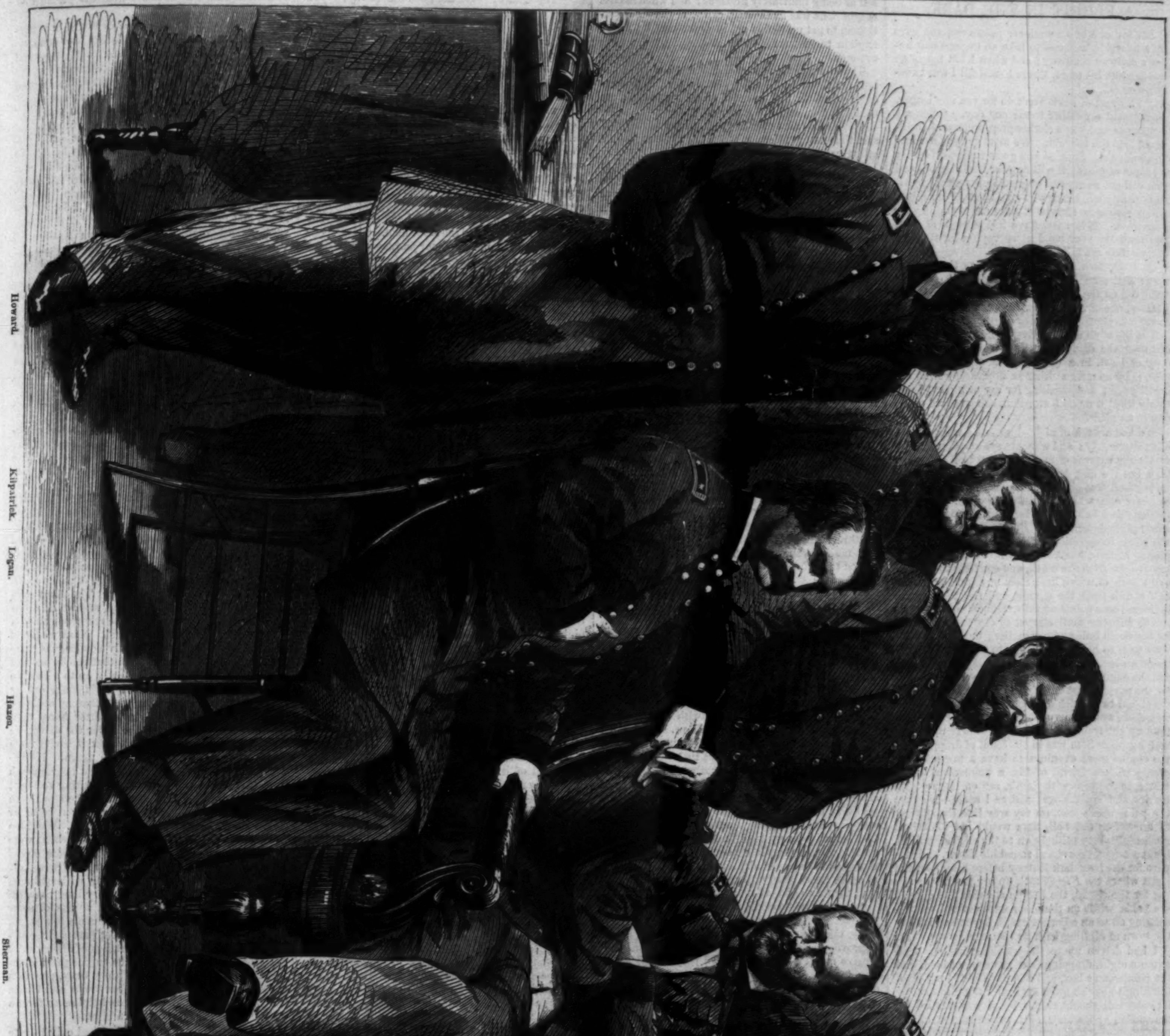
THE MONUMENT ERECTED AT GROVETON, ON THE FIELD OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[Photographed by Gardner.]



THE 16th NEW YORK ARTILLERY FIRING A SALUTE ON THE SPOT WHERE RICKETT'S BATTERY WAS CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY, July 21, 1861.—[Phot. by Gardner.]



RUINS OF GENERAL LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



Howard. Kilpatrick. Logan. Hazen. Sherman. Jeff C. Davis. Slocum. Blair. Mower.

SHERMAN AND HIS GENERALS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

My father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school he put me into his office, where I staid till I was twenty years old.

"This sort of work won't do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are getting as lanky as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered into the bargain. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, which may some time be of great use to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loth, went into the engine-shed; and after a short experience as "cleaner," went out on the *Firefly*, as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a chronic state of greasy blackness, is by no means either an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains—a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than twenty years ago, when the railway system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was an accomplished fact. The *Firefly* was running, on the week in question, between Melling and Ripping. Melling has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the south-east; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Ripping mail started at eleven P.M.; that for the north half an hour earlier; but our instructions were to have every thing in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on to a spare line used for the purpose just outside the yard, there to await the signal-bell which announced that the main line was clear, and then run back to the platform and take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place Sam was in the habit of dropping off the engine most evenings to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointsman, whose tastes, in common with Sam's, ran on large gooseberries and small dogs; and as I came back past the pointsman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would bid his friend good-night, leap blithely on to the engine, pull on his great-coat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long dark journey before him. At the point where the *Firefly* took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several wharfs, opening on to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Melling with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointsman's box, and had just lighted my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—for if not gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Railway nobs these," I muttered to myself, smuggling my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors. Too bad of them, though, to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll fine poor Sam if they find him off his perch." One of the strangers was stout and the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, for the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light it might be either a dispatch-box or a small portmanteau.

"You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman interrogatively.

"Yes, Sir—the mail for Ripping."

"And that starts—when?"

"In twelve minutes, Sir, from the platform."

"Ay, just so." He began to walk slowly round the *Firefly* with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is coked and watered ready for the journey?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to stay there three or four minutes on account of the letter-bags."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coke and water?"

"About seventy miles, Sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age;" and as he said these words he mounted coolly on to the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the dispatch-box, standing so quietly on the ground, beating his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of questions was exhausted, called to the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point than common.

The slim gentleman, still holding the dispatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with this request when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings was as follows: on hearing the bell to run the engine slowly forward to the second pointsman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on which for a few yards she was reversed, and run back, tender first, into the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointsman's box on the way in.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointsman number two; and on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine for the purpose of running back into the station when the stout gentleman spoke to me:

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Ripping separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, Sir."

"And what means has the pointsman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His tables inform him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart; in addition to which all engines going north give two distinct whistles, while those going south to Ripping and other places whistle three times before reaching the junction, and thus notify to the pointsman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *Le moment est arrivé!*" Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself seized suddenly round the throat with an iron gripe, while my head was wrenched violently back, and the next moment I became insensible. Had such a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garroted.

When I came to myself I was lying on my back among the coke in the tender, with my over-coat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very dizzy and faint, and with a choking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The *Firefly* was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train behind her; going, too, not south to Ripping, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night was fine, and the stars shone brightly, and I was familiar with every turn and feature of the landscape. Melling was ten miles away, and two stations had been passed already. I had but just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a dram of this brandy; you will find it improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago. Necessity compelled me to act as I did. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to conduct me and my friend safely to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I, somewhat sullenly. "This is not the road to Ripping."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now traveling—I whistled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six to-morrow morning; so were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I had actually taken one of these men for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a brace of swindlers. With what dire punishment I should be visited when I got back to Melling I durst not just then pause to contemplate. It was true that I was being carried away against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to the engine, and so render it possible for any one to usurp the command placed temporarily in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had absconded with the engine, they would put me down as a lunatic at once. But a few minutes more would bring us to Fallow station, at which place I would stop and give the two strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger, "but it's deucedly unpleasant for me. You've delayed the mail, and run away with the engine—stolen it, in fact, and laid yourselves open to an indictment for felony. But we shall be at Fallow in three minutes, and then you will have an opportunity of explaining to some one higher in authority than me the meaning of your singular conduct, for I don't intend to drive you any further."

"Your *naïveté*, my young friend, is really amusing," said the stout stranger, with a grim laugh. "Understand, once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any fool's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scrunch your bones under the wheels of your own engine!" At the same instant I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed to my temples; and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the engine, had not the stout man caught me by the collar and dragged me back.

"There, now," said he, good-humoredly, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to obey the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we flew past Fallow at full speed; and then I shoveled a lot of coke into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of the machinery, and went quietly about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark and our journey will be done all the sooner." So saying he proceeded to fasten a white woolen comforter round his throat, and to put on a traveling-cap in place of his hat; after which he lighted a cigar and turned to look at his friend.

The slim man (gentlemen I call them no longer) had taken no part in the conversation; but seated from the first in one corner, with the dispatch-box between his knees, had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke it was in the French language, evidently that I might not understand what was said; neither of them dreaming that the black, greasy-looking stoker beside them was acquainted with more languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend!" said he; "one would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the train, that is a matter of little moment, since, thanks to our clever *coup-de-main*, we shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and Peter will surely wait that short time for us. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a blackbird; for now you have accomplished your revenge—that revenge for which you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, and be light-hearted, as I am; let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so cold sitting here," replied the slim man, with a shiver, "with nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."

"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, that you are so gloomy and *distrait*. But you said you were cold: here, drain this flask—choice cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a bucketful of it. And here, take this over-coat of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it;" and unheeding the remonstrances of the other, the stout man slipped out of his great-coat and inducted his friend into it, then poured a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, and made him swallow that, and finished up by insisting that he should try a cigar. But in spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. When the stout man found that all his efforts to cheer the other were unavailing, he turned away with a muttered execration, and troubled himself no further in the matter, but went on smoking his cheroots and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play him false.

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Melling; and he became temporarily excited once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station, at which times I had to slacken speed, and whistle till the green light took its place, when we again put on all steam and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye at such times, and a muttered caution would fall on my ear to beware that I did not attempt any treachery. But the dangerous point once passed, the pistol would disappear for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took out his watch once or twice, and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

He was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black mustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes that seemed to look through you; and, for the rest, was in manners and appearance as much a gentleman as nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the *Firefly* well supplied with fuel, and she went along at a gallant pace, for I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another, standing whitely out against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a single second, and calling to us with a thousand iron tongues to stop, as it receded swiftly away into darkest space; under bridges innumerable, each of them a span of blackness that vanished in an instant; then into the great tunnel, wrapped and lost in its breath of steam and smoke, awakening its thousand echoes that have little time for sleep; and so out again into the fresh cool night; away—past silent farmstead, and sleeping village, and great furnaces that flare their hearts out to the unheeding stars: onward we went till Burkleigh Station was reached, and sixty miles of journey had been achieved.

I gathered from the stout man's observations that he was well acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the *Firefly*, good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

"Half-way between Burkleigh and the next station," said the stout man, "is the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine you will accompany me. I can not afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Melling, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; he stopped me sternly, and at once. "Run your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he; "and, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch-line leading to a colliery some distance away. Here the slim man got down, and held the points open by my direction, while I ran the *Firefly* off the main line, and brought her to a stand. This done, I let off the steam and raked some of the fire out of the grate, while the others stood by watching me impatiently. When all was done that was necessary the stout man took me by the shoulder and addressed me impressively.

"Look here, my young friend," said he; "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you and no harm shall befall you; but attempt to deceive me, or to take French leave, and you will have something sent after you that will silence you forever. On one point make your mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Go ahead," said I, sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and slinging the dispatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch line over a tract of rising ground, out on to a wide stretch of bleak moorland, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as though he were familiar with every inch of the ground, which probably he was. I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. After walking thus for a mile or two we came to a plantation of firs, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. The stout man whistled twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen. In a moment the response came—a similar whistle, and close at hand. Next we heard the noise of wheels, and presently a carriage of some kind came out of a narrow lane that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove slowly up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney coach, with perhaps a better horse than common in the shafts; while, as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up that it would have been impossible to recognize him again. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few whispered words from the stout man his objurgations lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sulky silence. We three pedestrians, together with the dispatch-box, were quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the paved streets of some town, and about five minutes later came to a stand. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles from the point where we left the engine three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of these three towns had I been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On alighting from the vehicle I had only time to take one hasty glance round, and to observe that we had been driven into a small court or inclosed yard, overlooked by high, gloomy buildings on every side, when a door in front of us was silently opened, and we all went in. The door seemed to close of its own accord behind us; and the next moment a light appeared at the further end of the long passage in which we were standing, carried by one of the most singular-looking beings these eyes have ever beheld. He seemed, at the first glance, more like a resuscitated corpse than any thing else; he was very old, and very withered, with a wicked, shriveled-up little face—the face of a century-old ape, lighted up with two eyes so restless, cunning, and suspicious that they seemed to distrust every body, himself included. He was dressed in an old red flannel dressing-robe, which fell in voluminous folds to his slippered feet, while his cadaverous jaws were bound up in a dirty white handkerchief, fastened in a huge knot on the top of his head, on which a few spiky hairs were still sparsely scattered. Holding the lamp above his head with a shaking hand he grinned a hideous welcome to us, and addressed the stout man with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Welcome home again, Mr. William—welcome home!" he mumbled. "What luck have you had, eh—what luck? But who are these? Strangers, eh? Friends of yours, did you say? But are they safe, Mr. William—are they safe?"

Chattering thus, the old man led the way into a large but plainly-furnished room, where a table was laid ready for supper, showing that the arrival of one or more had been expected. Another plate was quickly brought, and the slatternly-looking middle-aged woman who waited upon us served up a plain substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice. The slim man seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow more moody and despondent with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the unbidden, and poisoned the contents of cup and platter with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and jabbered away in his apish inane fashion, unheeded by every body, Mr. William being just then too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes the former came to the door, and beckoned to me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long dark flight of stairs, and was finally ushered into a room having a small camp bedstead in one corner; while close to the brightly-blazing fire stood a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here," patting the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

So saying, he quitted the room, locking the door behind him; and I was left alone with the old man, who grinned and nodded his withered head at me; and pointing to a chair in the opposite corner, invited me, in a shrill quavering voice, to come and sit down by the fire, unless I felt disposed to go to bed at once. As I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life, I drew the chair up to the fire, and sat down opposite the old boy, who was busy concocting a basin of gruel for himself, he having taken no part in the supper down stairs. I tried him with a few questions, being especially desirous to know how long it was probable that I should be detained there against my will; but at each of my queries the old rascal put on a vacant puzzled look, and replied with something altogether irrelevant to my question; so that, after one or two futile efforts to get a sensible answer, I gave up the task in despair, and watched him in gloomy silence while he took his gruel, seasoned largely with cognac.

Sitting thus, I heard from some far-off steeple the faint tones of a clock tell the hour of three, and I remembered for the first time that it was Sunday morning. It would not be daylight yet for three hours. Following close upon the striking of the clock came the rumble of a distant cab or mail-cart, rattling over the paved streets: there was a pleasant sense of companionship in the sound that spoke warmly to my heart, and brought with it an intense longing to escape.

To escape! was such a thing possible? My heart throbbed, and the blood rushed to my face when I first asked myself the question; so that when I looked up, and saw the old man's suspicious eyes fixed intently on me, I felt as if my hidden thoughts were discovered. But I sat very stilll, and strove to look as unconcerned as possible; and when the old man was again busy with his gruel, I set to work to evolve quietly out of my brain some plan of deliverance. The door, as I have already said, was locked on the outside; but even had it been otherwise, to venture down through the lower parts of the house would have been a most dangerous proceeding. The window, then, was the point to be considered. This was secured inside by stout shutters, but there would be no difficulty in opening them; the only real obstacle lay in the fact of the window being so high above the ground—far too high for me to drop from. Then there was the old man to dispose of; that, indeed, was the first thing to do, for once let him give the alarm, and all my efforts would be fruitless.

I sat brooding intently for about half an hour, at the end of which time I had thought out a plan which seemed to me the only one at all feasible. There were some small pieces of wood lying on the hearth, fragments left after the fire had been lighted. I picked up one of these, and in the course of a few minutes had fashioned it with my pocket-knife into a sort of rude spatula, round which I tied a piece of stout string that I found in one of my pockets. The old man sat watching my movements attentively, apparently unsuspicious of what I was about to do.

Every thing was now ready for my attempt. Occasionally I heard the faint murmurs of voices below stairs, showing that there were other inmates of the house still awake; and now and then the opening or shutting of a distant door sounded preternaturally loud at that quiet hour. I confess that now the final moment was come my heart failed me for a minute or two, and I began to doubt my ability to carry out my plan to a successful issue. But this fit of weakness was of short duration, and gave place to an unfaltering resolution to do and dare every thing to effect my escape.

I rose suddenly from my chair, stepped across the hearth in two strides, and seized the hoary rascal by the throat. "Speak, or make a noise, and I'll murder you!" I whispered sternly in his ear, and I passed the bright blade of my knife close before his eyes. Then before he had time to recover from the shock of an attack so sudden and unexpected, I had twisted the bell-rope into a large loop, far out of his reach as he sat there. "Open your mouth," I said to him, "but do not speak, or you die." He was shivering with fright, and had hardly sense enough left to understand what I said. "Mercy! mercy! good young man," he gasped; and then the piece of wood was inserted between his teeth, and tied securely in its place, and he could say no more. I next fastened his hands behind him with my handkerchief, then drew a sheet off the bed, and cutting it with my knife into long strips, twisted these, and proceeded to tie him securely in his chair. When I had satisfied myself that he was so fastened that it would be impossible for him to release himself, and further, that he was in no danger of being choked by the gag, I turned my attention to the window; and having taken off my boots, so as to make as little noise as possible in crossing the floor, I proceeded to try the shutters, and after five minutes' patient labor succeeded in opening them almost in silence.

The next point was the window; but I found, to my dismay, when I came to examine it, that it was composed of small diamond panes set in lead, and opened by means of a casement only, far too small to permit any hope of egress that way. My whole scheme seemed to collapse as I looked, for my intention had been to escape through the window, and reach the ground by means of a rope made out of the bed-clothes. What to do now I knew not; and as I turned despairingly away the old man's eyes met mine with a malignant glance of mingled rage and triumph. Suddenly a thought struck me. Although the stout man, on leaving the room, had locked the door behind him, was it not probable that the old man had in his possession another key that would open it? This was a question that I solved at once by searching him, and in one of his pockets I found a peculiar key—a master-key, I imagine it to have been, which probably fitted every door in the house; at all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step toward my escape, I could not repress the joyous bounding of my heart when the door turned on its hinges, and I stepped cautiously out on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me; this was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the first door I could find. The attempt to succeed at all must be made at once, before the stout man came up stairs, which he probably would do ere long, to look after the safety of his prisoner.

Before venturing down in the direction of the voices, I gave one last look round my prison, and examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle, and locked the door; and, having removed the key, began to feel my way down the stairs, one at a time, pausing to listen between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built; and not the faintest creaking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms. The door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light, while now and then a muttered word or two, whose tones I at once recognized, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. Their conversation was nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was the nefarious business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noiseless as a shadow I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance to the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood I could see the chimney-piece and the large pier-glass which stood on it; and in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—could see, too, distinctly what they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were intently examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings, and pins, together with several small boxes filled, apparently, with precious stones of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment the danger of my position. At length the stout man spoke. "A very pretty little haul, Master Matthew!" said he. "As nice a stroke of business as I've done for a long time, and neatly done too, though I say it that shouldn't. I've got two little black leather traveling-bags up stairs which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division, as agreed on, and pack up, ready for a start. I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right. I'm puzzled to know what to do with him—hang me, if I ain't!"

"Stick a knife in his gizzard!" suggested the slim man, with a yawn.

"No, no; we'll not do that, if we can help it," answered his companion. "That's a line of business I've never gone into yet, and I don't mean to either. My motto is, 'Dead men always do tell tales.' I'd rather have a live one to deal with any day of the week. No, I must think out some plan before morning of disposing of him for a few days till we've got quietly away. Not, mind you," he added, "that I would hesitate to stick a bullet into him if my blood was up, and I thought he was going to blow upon our little affair."

He got up and pushed back his chair. "Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. I shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go share and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did, or whither I was going, sped noiselessly up stairs again. Before coming down, I had noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. Intuitively the idea came into my mind to hide for a minute or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the first surprise of the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing the stout man was ascending the lower stairs, and the same instant that I crept behind the screen he paused opposite the door to feel for his key, and the next moment the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Halloa! what's this? Why are you in the dark!" I heard him exclaim; and then I stole from my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made both him and the old man prisoners, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, noticing, with some surprise, as I did so, that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. Why had not the slim man awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which just then did not concern me.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the other door of which—the door leading into the street—stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau shut and partially strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghastly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with *both* shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away, and secure the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of rage he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his bosom fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to fire again I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and reeled from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for mastery. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in sheer physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Westmoreland wrestlers, which stole his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground with me on the top of him. In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oaken dresser, and next moment his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought, in truth, that he was killed.

All this time the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and as soon as I had struggled to my feet the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolts and opened the door, and felt the cool night air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. I turned for a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so my eye fell on the portmanteau, and acting on the impulse of the moment I seized it, and flinging it over my shoulder closed the door behind me, and hurried away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met I gave myself and the portmanteau in charge, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were dispatched to the house, which was at once recognized from my description, as it had long been looked on with suspicion. When they returned it was in company of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had recovered his wits by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterward found to be substantially correct, and the chief points of which I will now give you as briefly as may be.

The jewelry, etc., contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co., the great jewelers and silversmiths of Melling. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential servant was one Matthew Lamplough—he who has hitherto been designated as the slim man—a person who had gradually worked himself up from the position of shop-boy till he had become practically the manager of the whole concern; for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move some of the cares of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Lamplough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, as he found to his cost, when he one day asked the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter, who was so handsome and so accomplished, and would some day have thirty thousand pounds to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would let him speak, was a peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the vileness of Matthew's origin, and followed up by the intimation that he, Matthew, should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment. Matthew vowed to be revenged, and he kept his word. It was while he was in this mood that he made the acquaintance of an individual going by the name of Captain de Vaux—the stout man of my narrative—a gay, dashing fellow of insinuating manners, who was staying for a few weeks at the best hotel in Melling. De Vaux was not long before he wormed himself into Matthew's confidence, and heard from his lips the narrative of his wrongs, as he deemed them to be; and then by slow degrees he unfolded a plan by which Lamplough might both revenge and enrich himself at the same time. Matthew stared aghast at the proposal when it was first unfolded to him; but the cunning De Vaux gradually familiarized him with the idea, till at length he seized it with avidity. The first thing to do was to obtain duplicate keys of the strong boxes in which the stock of Bellingham & Co. was stored in the cellars below the shop. Wax impressions of the genuine keys were easily obtained by Matthew, from which De Vaux had real keys manufactured. After these had been tried and found to answer, the time for their enterprise was fixed, and all needful preparations made by De Vaux for its successful issue.

Mr. Bellingham always left town on Saturday evenings to spend Sunday at his villa in the country, the premises being left in charge of Matthew and two other assistants. It was agreed that Matthew should ask for leave of absence from Saturday night till Monday morning; and that, after the departure of Mr. Bellingham, he should go down into the cellars, open the safes with his false keys, load his portmanteau with the most valuable property he could find, relock the safes, and then quietly take his departure, as though he were going on his proposed journey. All this was safely accomplished. Lamplough got out of the house without being suspected by his fellow-servants, but not till half an hour past the time agreed on, so that when he and De Vaux reached the station they found that the last north train had been gone five minutes. Their plan had been to get down by train to the station nearest De Vaux's house, then take the cab which would be in waiting for them, and so reach home about one o'clock in the morning. Here the spoil was to be divided, the necessary disguises assumed; and by six o'clock on Sunday morning they were to be on board one of the foreign steamers which started at that hour from a neighboring port, by which means they would be safe out of the country before the robbery was discovered. The rest you know.

The old man was too cunning to allow himself to be implicated in any way. Captain de Vaux was merely his lodger, he said; as to what his pursuits were he knew nothing; and he had been requested to take care of me as being a mild lunatic, whom De Vaux was about to conduct to a private asylum. I may mention that in his younger days the old man had been known as a notorious "fence," or receiver of stolen goods.

The *soi-disant* Captain de Vaux was captured several years after for a daring robbery, and condemned to prison for—I forget how many years.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Truth for Tea-Drinkers.—Commercial intelligence from Shanghai lately announced—"Tea tending downward." Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever any body drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency.

Black John, the Last of the Cornish Jesters.—A tale is told of him that, one day, after he had for some time amused the guests, and had drank his full share of the ale, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. On a sudden he started up with a loud and terrified cry. Questioned as to the cause of his alarm he answered, "Oh, Sir," to his master, "I was in a sog (sleep), and I had such a dreadful dream. I thought I was dead, and I went where the wicked people go." "Ha, John," said Arscott of Tettcott, in his grim voice, wide awake for a jest or a tale, "then tell us all about what you heard and saw." "Well, master, nothing particular." "Indeed, John!" "No, Sir; things was going on just as they do upon airth—here in Tettcott Hall—the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

A Story of the Morgue.—A good story is told by the porter, who was aroused at two o'clock one morning by the loud ringing of the bell. He found a tipsy man at the gate, who replied to his interrogations by "I have not been home for three days, and I feel really quite uneasy about myself; so I have come to see if I am here."

Total Depravity.—A minister, traveling through the West some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine if the people would only act up to it."

Heartless Attempt at Bigamy.—A gentleman who was courting inquiry was found to be wedded to his own views.

Josh Billings expresses our views on the subject of autographs precisely. He thus replies to an anxious correspondent who asked for his autograph: "We never furnish ortograffs in less quantities than bi the packig. It is a bizzness that grate men have got into; but it don't strike us az being profitable nor amusing. We furnished a near and very dear friend our ortograff a few years ago, for 90 days, and it got into the hands ov one ov the banks, and it kost us $500 tew get it back. We went out ov the bizzness then, and have not hankered for it since."

A rich petroleum operator, gaunt as a skeleton, and ignorant as a hodman, went to an artist the other day to have his portrait taken—"Will you have it taken in oil or water-colors?" inquired the artist. "Ile, of course," replied he. "It comes to me more natural; and, besides, it makes me look fatter."

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair turned gray, replied, with the greatest earnestness, "Oh! no, I'll *dye* first."

A young lady, while walking with a gentleman, stumbled, and when her companion, to prevent her fall, grasped her hand somewhat tightly, "Oh, Sir!" she simpered, "if it comes to that, you must ask my pa."

Warm Lining for a Pair of Slippers.—A Russian lady has just presented to the Pope a pair of slippers, in which were placed 160,000 francs in bank-notes.

A flag flies as an old man walks—by the aid of a staff.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

A Hindoo author thus elegantly inculcates the duty of hospitality, even to an enemy: The sandal-tree imparts its fragrance to the very axe that hews it.

An old maid is more liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand; the former will give you one, and thank you too.

A young girl at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun? The girl, blushing deeply, with hesitation, replied: "It is both *common* and *proper*."

A storekeeper the other day stuck upon his door the laconic advertisement, "A Boy wanted." The next morning, on opening the store, he found a little urchin in a basket, labeled, "Here he is."

A canter will give you ruddy cheeks; a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

Carbuncle.—A fiery globule found in the bottom of mines and on the face of drunkards.

Adam and Eve, after finding the apple, discovered they were a *pair*.

"Sleep, like death, is a great leveler," said Mr. B——, yawning, as he closed a large volume just before retiring: "Plato, while asleep, was no greater than any other mortal: *ergo*, when asleep, I'm as great a man as Plato." "Was Plato, when asleep, think you, your equal in every respect?" asked his friend. "Certainly." "Then he must have been an awful snorer."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is deep reflection, my second not so much, and my whole is none at all.
Thoughtless.

Why is a man putting on his boot like one with three legs?
Because he has a leg to boot.

What young ladies won the battle of Salamis?
The Miss Tocles (Themistocles).

Spell "blind pig" with two letters.
P—g, pig without an eye (I).

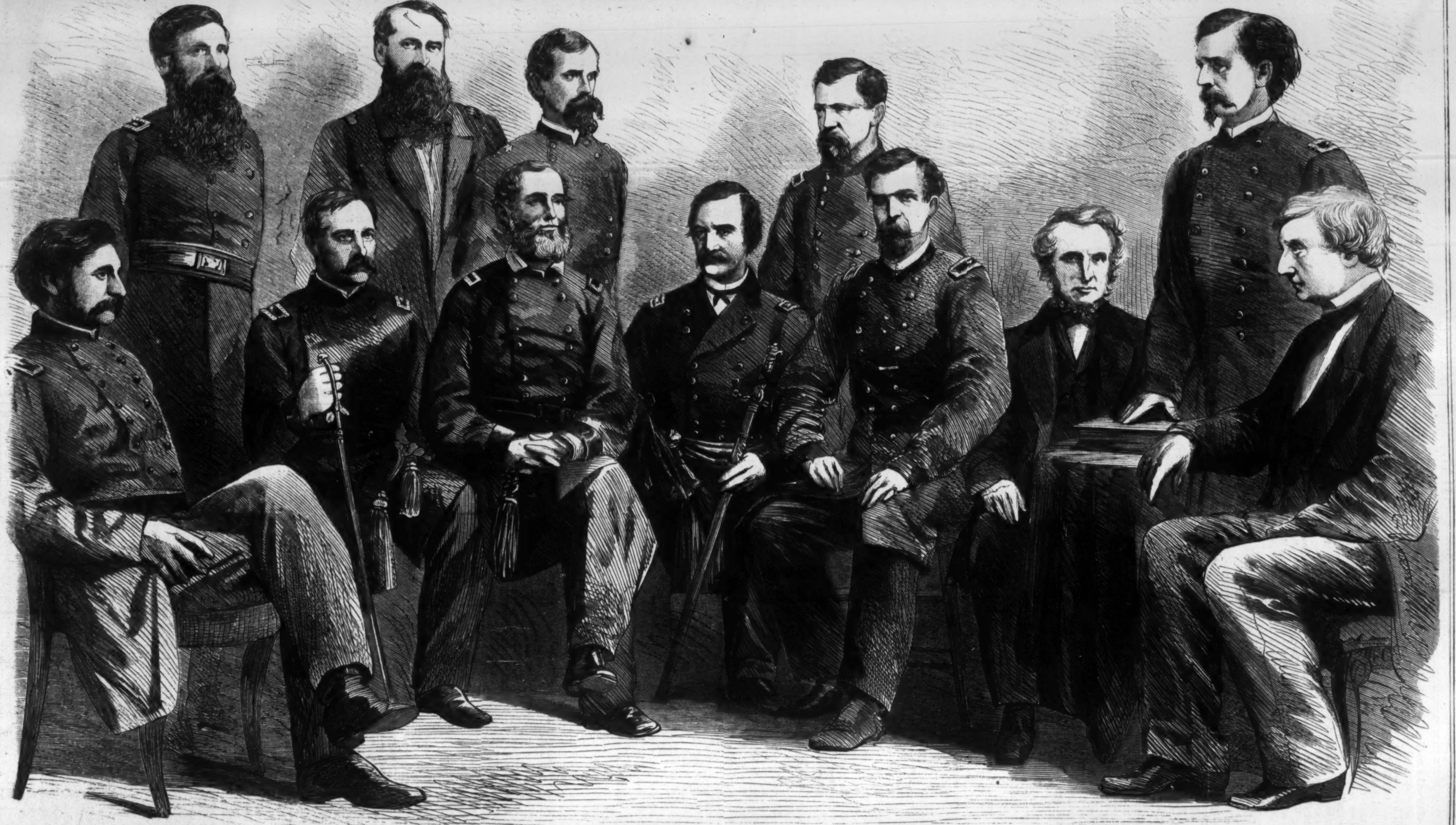
Why are the Governments of Algiers and Malta as different as light and darkness?
Because one was governed by days (Beys) and the other by nights (Knights).

What is the hardest key to turn?
A donkey.

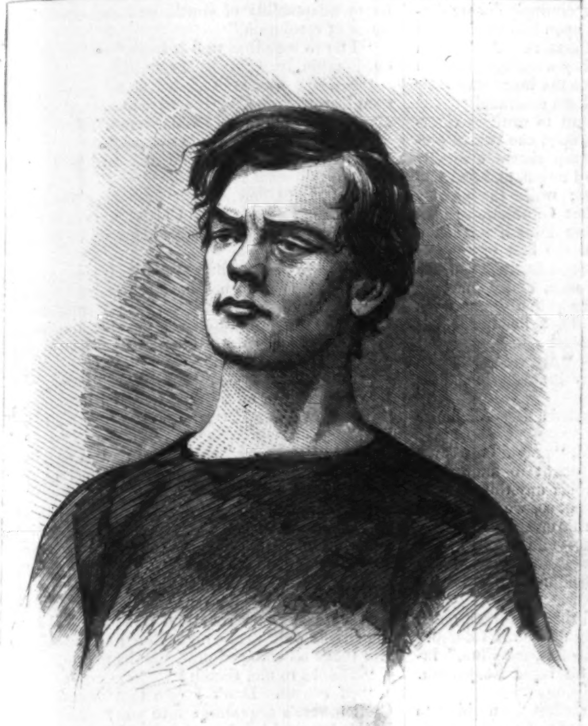
My love for you will never know my first;
It will never be my second,
Although it will always be my whole?
End-less.

Why are opera-dancers like parricides?
Because they execute their pas.

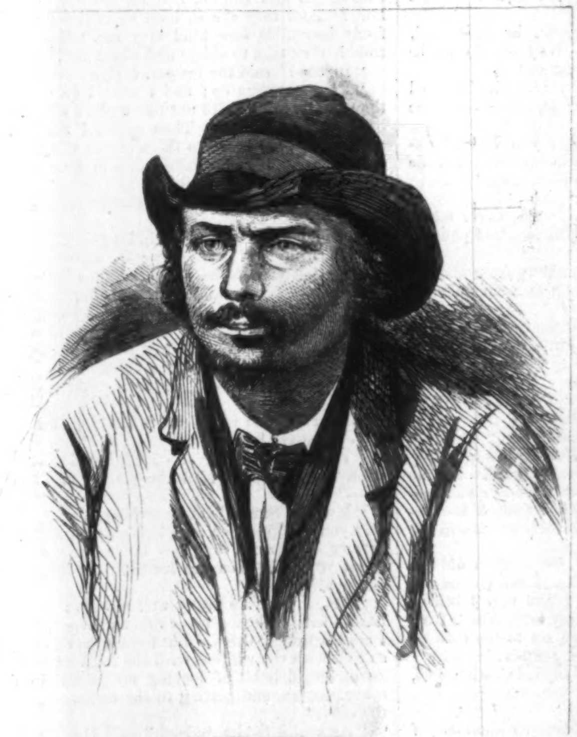
Why is love like Irish poplin?
Because it is half stuff.


Colonel Clendenin.
Brigadier-General Harris.
Brigadier-General Howe.
Colonel Tompkins.
Brigadier-General Ekin.
Major-General Wallace.
Major-General Hunter.
Major-General Kautz.
Brigadier-General Foster.
Judge Bingham.
Colonel Burnett.
Judge Holt.

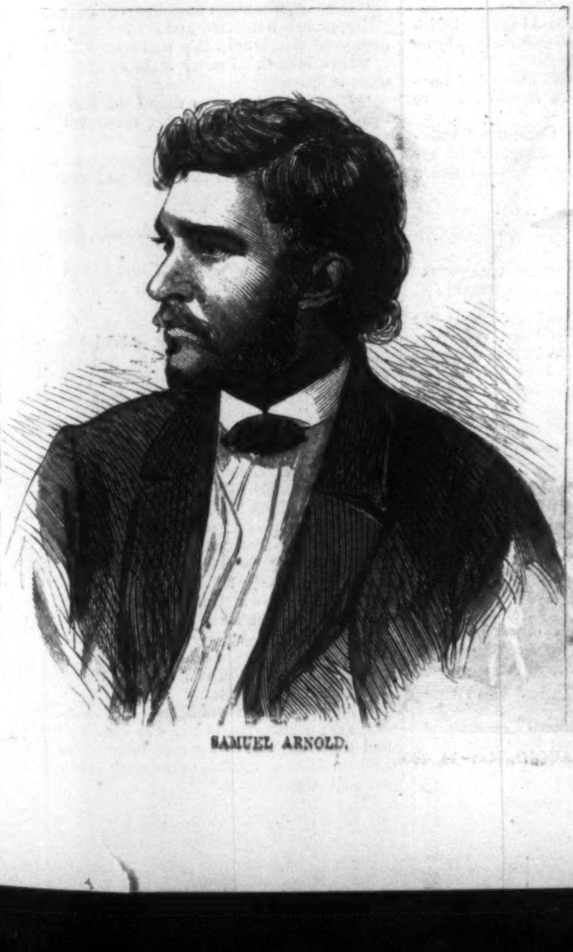
THE MILITARY COMMISSION ENGAGED IN THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS AT WASHINGTON.—[Photographed by Gardner.]



LEWIS PAYNE.



J. W. ATZEROTT.



SAMUEL ARNOLD.

THE CONSPIRATORS AND THE CONSPIRACY.

WE omitted in our last number any account of the Conspiracy trial going on at Washington, because we did not deem the proceedings of sufficient importance. We recur to the subject this week, and give portraits—drawn from photographs taken by GARDNER, of Washington—of six of the conspirators, viz.: of PAYNE, ATZEROTT, HAROLD, SPANGLER, O'LAUGHLIN, and ARNOLD. We also give on page 408 portraits of the members composing the military court engaged in the trial.

There has been further evidence offered to prove the connection of the rebel authorities with the burning of steamboats on the Western rivers. But as these efforts were directed against Government vessels, the evidence in its relation to the assassination of President LINCOLN does not have any especial importance. The same may be said of the evidence proving that the City Point explosion was due to rebel agency.

On Friday, June 17, a curious bit of evidence was offered, going to prove that the *Daily News*, the rebel organ in New York city, has been supported during the war in a great measure by the Richmond authorities. This was no surprise when it was considered that recently, upon the close of the war, JOHN MITCHELL, the editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, had been invited to take the editorial charge of the *News* and had accepted. The evidence is perfectly reliable, coming from the assistant manager of the Montreal bank, and proves that a check for $25,000 was last August drawn from rebel deposits and in favor of BENJAMIN WOOD, the proprietor of the *News*.

In connection with the events relating to the assassination, the portrait which we give on page 412 of Mr. FREDERICK SEWARD will be of unusual interest to our readers.

GENERAL LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

GENERAL LEE'S Head-quarters at Petersburg, the ruins of which are illustrated on page 404, were at the house of Mr. TURNBULL, grandson of PETER JONES, founder of Petersburg, and chief magistrate of the county. LEE so little expected the results of the attack upon his lines that he had scarcely time to get away. A good deal of fighting took place in the vicinity of the house, but whether it was burned by the troops or the shells is not certain. Our men advanced beyond it, threw up a line of rifle-pits, and held the ground till the evacuation.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S SPEECH AT AJACCIO.

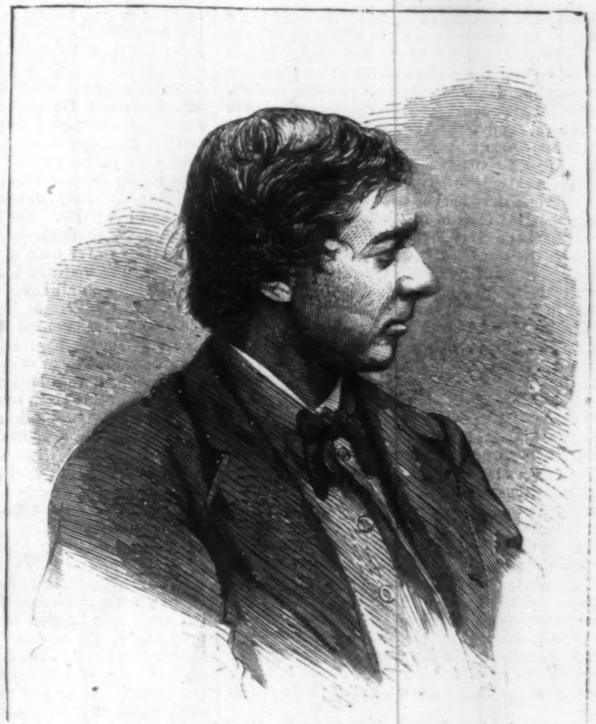
THE recent speech of Prince NAPOLEON at Ajaccio, in Corsica, the birth-place of the first NAPOLEON, is the momentous event of the day. The occasion upon which this speech was made was in itself an interesting epoch to Frenchmen. A monumental statue of the great NAPOLEON was to be uncovered. For two generations NAPOLEON had been the French idol—as WASHINGTON is the idol of Americans. For an idea to gain absolute control over Frenchmen it had only been necessary to pronounce it Napoleonic. Within a few years the prestige of that omnipotent name had raised LOUIS NAPOLEON first to the Presidency and thence to the throne. With the assumption of the crown LOUIS had become an ardent advocate of Imperialism. Chiefly because Imperialism was peculiarly adapted to his purposes. Only recently he had brought from the commencement of the Christian era a type for the reconstruction of the political systems of the nineteenth century. That type was Cæsarism. To render Imperialism and Cæsarism more palatable to Frenchmen he had sought to invest them with Napoleonic sanctity.

Just here, and at the most opportune occasion, he was encountered by Prince JEROME, also a scion of NAPOLEON, though not wielding the imperial sceptre nor wearing the purple. It was a matter of common remark that the Prince bore a striking resemblance to the elder NAPOLEON, while the Emperor had not the least trace of any such likeness in his features. Prince JEROME ventured much, it might seem, in daring to confront the Emperor upon topics which were so vital. So much the more heroic then was tho act. If the Prince had made his utmost endeavor he could scarcely have put himself in an attitude of greater antagonism with his imperial cousin than he did in this remarkable speech.

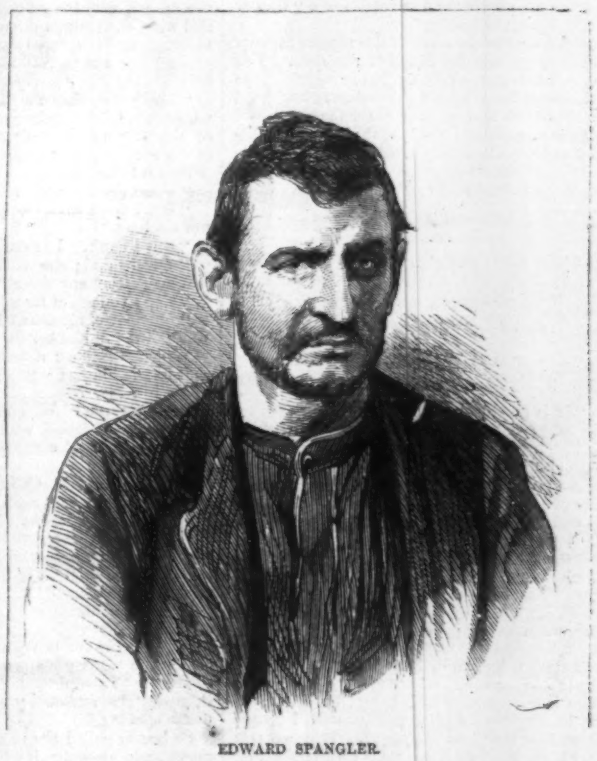
But what did Prince NAPOLEON say at Ajaccio that the world should so much wonder at? In the first place, he dared to pronounce the Napoleonic Idea to be essentially Democratic. But whatever he may have thought of NAPOLEON he certainly left no possible room for doubt as to his own leanings. He spoke of Democracy as of something certain to be ultimately successful the world over. He even ventured to point with triumph to the war which the American Republic had for four years waged against aristocracy, and the glorious result of that war as a token of the times. He opposed LOUIS'S Mexican policy, and spoke with favor of the MONROE doctrine. Is it any wonder that the expression of such ideas by a Prince of the blood startled the imperial court? Why, here was treason by the wholesale—a pregnant fountain of treason and perhaps of revolution!

This speech, though its effect has been so startling, was no sudden outburst on the Prince's part. He expressed only what he was already known to believe and feel. If he spoke with more than his wonted boldness, it was because the course which events had taken on the American continent had so completely vindicated his political creed. Yet his speech was a surprise—and to no one more so than to the Emperor. LOUIS had thought to bridle the Prince's tongue, and to insure his subordination by making him Vice-President of the Council of State. JEROME did not feel the obligation, and when his best opportunity offered he made the best use of it.

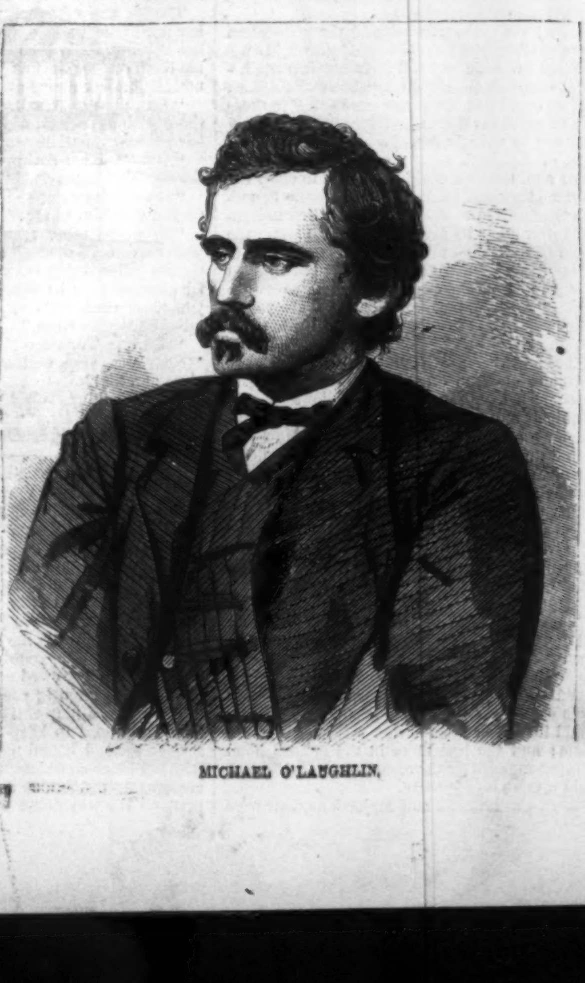
The Emperor's reception of the speech was just



DAVID C. HAROLD.



EDWARD SPANGLER.



MICHAEL O'LAUGHLIN.

what might have been expected. In a letter to the Prince he addressed the latter somewhat bitterly. The Emperor had left the Prince, during his own absence, near the persons of the Empress and the Prince Imperial, hoping that his presence, conduct, and discourse would testify to the union reigning in the royal family. The Prince, he said, had abused this confidence by proclaiming, under the ægis of the First Napoleon a political programme which afforded aid only to the enemies of his Government. The Prince should not attempt to apply to the present time the ideas of Napoleon, because he had not fitted himself to do so by passing "through the severe trials in the responsibility of power." Indeed how was he competent "to estimate at its true value the great historical figure of Napoleon?" But in one respect there could be no doubt as to Napoleon's policy. He had found it necessary to keep his family in subordination. "From the same rule of conduct," says Louis, in conclusion, "I can not henceforth deviate."

The Prince replied briefly that, in consequence of Louis's letter, he should resign the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council and the Presidency of the Commission of Universal Exhibition of 1867. The Prince's letter is not that of a subject to his king, but has the manner of a peer addressing a peer. It was, moreover, so hastily published that it is quite possible that Louis read it for the first time in the columns of *La Presse*. Nothing could show more clearly that the rupture is complete. Moreover, the Prince, against the wishes of the Empress, insisted upon publishing his Ajaccio speech in the form of a pamphlet.

That portion of the Legislative Corps which is most friendly to the Emperor, immediately after the publication of his letter to the Prince, left their names at the Tuileries as a token of their satisfaction.

Notwithstanding Louis's desire to monopolize the great Napoleon the Prince, it is said, on the very day of the publication of the Emperor's letter, sent to his printer the first volume of a "History of the Bonaparte Family."

What may be the result of this rupture between the Emperor and his cousin is uncertain. This much, however, is evident. The antagonism is so pronounced that it must develop some issue of great importance to France. For either the Prince will become an unwilling victim of the imperial despotism, or he will become the leader of the Opposition party. If the former, then there will be no restraint to Louis's power; if the latter, then Louis will have many steps to retrace in his political career.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TIMON.

"It is good to be merry and wise," saith an old song; but every man can not be a laughing philosopher, and though it is comparatively easy to be either merry or wise "upon occasion," it is supremely difficult to be both at the same time. The two conditions mix almost as reluctantly as oil and water, and youth seldom makes even an effort to combine them. Happy youth, whose best wisdom it is, after all, to be merry while it may! Which of us would not gladly barter this bitter wisdom of later years for but a single season—nay, a single day—of that happy thoughtless time when the simplest jest provoked a laugh, and the commonest way-side flower had a beauty long since faded, and all life was a pleasant carnival? What would we not give to believe once more in the eternity of college friendships and the immortality of prize poems?—to feel our hearts beat high over the pages of Plutarch and Livy?—to weep delicious tears for the woes of Mrs. Haller, and to devour the old romances with the old omnivorous relish?

Alas! the college friend and the prize poem are alike forgotten; Sir George Cornewall Lewis has laid his ruthless hand upon our favorite heroes; our souls abhor the very name of Kotzebue; and we could no more revive our interest in those two mounted cavaliers who might have been seen spurring by twilight across a lonely heath in the west of England, some two hundred and odd years ago, than we could undertake to enjoy the thirteen thousand pages of Mademoiselle Scudéry's Grand Cyrus. Ay, that pleasant dream is indeed over; but its joys are "lodg'd beyond the reach of fate," and of the remembrance of them no man can disinherit us. Have we not all lived in Arcadia?

Wisdom apart, however, what more commendable merriment may there be than a dinner at Richmond when the year and the guests are young, and the broad landscape lies steeped in sunshine, and the afternoon air is sweet with new-mown hay, and the laugh follows the jest as quickly and gayly as the frothing Champagne follows the popping of the corks? Now and then a tiny skiff with one white sail skims down the molten gold of the broad river. The plumy islands and the wooded flats look hazy in the tender mist of sunset. A pleasant sound of gay voices and chinking glasses finds its way now and then from the open window below, or the adjoining balcony; and, perhaps, the music of a brass band comes to us from the lower town, harmonized by distance.

Thus bright and propitious was it on the eventful day of Saxon's "little dinner;" and care had been taken by his friends that every detail of the entertainment should be as faultless as the weather itself. The guests had all been driven down in open carriages; the costliest dinner that money could insure, or taste devise, was placed before them; and the best room in the famous hotel was pre-engaged for the occasion. It had seldom held a more joyous party.

Lord Castletowers and Major Vaughan were there of course, having run up from Surrey for the day; Sir Charles Burgoyne, serenely insolent; the Hon. Edward Brandon, with his hair standing up like the wig of an electrified doll, from inward excitement and outward rubbing; Mr. Lawrence Greatorex, looking, perhaps, somewhat abstracted from time to time, but talking fluently; two other Erectheum men, both very young and prone to laughter, and both highly creditable to their tailors and bootmakers; and last, though not least, the Graziana and her party. For actresses, like misfortunes, never come alone. Like Scottish chieftains they travel with a "tail," and have an embarrassing aptitude for bringing their uninvited "tail" on all kinds of inconvenient occasions. In the present instance the heroine of the day had contented herself with only two sisters and a brother; and her young host not only welcomed them with all his honest heart, but thought it very kind and condescending on her part to bring them at all. The brother was a gloomy youth, who said little, ate a great deal, and watched the company in a furtive manner over the rim of his wine-glass. The sisters were fat, black-eyed little souls, who chattered, flirted, and drank Champagne incessantly. As for the prima donna herself, she was a fine, buxom, laughter-loving creature of about twenty years of age, as little like a Juno, and as much like a grown-up child as it is only possible for a Neapolitan woman to be. She could be majestic enough upon the stage, or in the green-room; but she never carried her dignity beyond the precincts of the opera-house. She put it on with her rouge, and left it in her dressing-room with the rest of her theatrical wardrobe when the evening's work was over. She laughed at every thing that was said whether she understood it or not; and she was delighted with every thing—with the drive, with the horses, with the mail phaeton, with the weather, with the dinner, with the guests, and with her host; and when the ice was brought to table—a magnificent, many-colored triumph of art—she clapped her hands like a child at sight of a twelfthcake.

"Now's the time for the bracelet, Saxon," whispered Lord Castletowers, when the wreck of this triumph was removed, and the side-cloths were rolled away for dessert.

Saxon looked aghast.

"What shall I say?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—something graceful and not too long."

"But I can't. I haven't an idea."

"Never mind; she wouldn't understand it if you had. Say any thing."

"Can't you say it for me?"

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You might as well ask me to kiss her for you."

Which was such a tremendous supposition, that Saxon blushed scarlet, and had not a word to say in reply.

"Ah, traditor! Why do you speak secrets?" said the prima donna, with a pout.

"Because he is a conspirator, signora," replied the Earl.

"A conspirator? Cielo!"

"It is quite true," said Burgoyne, promptly. "There's a deadly mine of cracker bonbons in the room below, and Trefalden's presently going to say something so sparkling that it will fire the train, and we shall all be blown into the middle of the next century."

The prima donna sang a roulade expressive of terror.

"But the worst is yet to come. This plot, signora, is entirely against yourself," said Castletowers. Then, dropping his voice, "Out with it, man," he added. "You couldn't have a better opening."

So Saxon pulled the morocco case out of his pocket, and presented it with as much confusion and incoherence as if it had been a warrant.

The signora screamed with rapture, invoked her brother and sisters, flew to the window with her treasure, flashed it to and fro in every possible light, and for the first five minutes could talk nothing but her native patois.

"But, signore, you must be a great prince!" she exclaimed, when, at length, she returned to her place at the dinner-table.

"Indeed, I am nothing of the sort," replied Saxon, laughing.

"E bellissimo, questo braccioletto! But why do you give him to me?"

"From no other reason than my desire to please you, bella donna," replied Saxon. "The Greeks believed that the opal had power to confer popularity on its wearer; but I do not offer you these opals with any such motive. Your talisman is your voice."

"Bravo, Trefalden!" laughed the Earl. "That was very well said. Comme l'esprit vient aux fils!"

"A neat thing spoiled," muttered Greatorex, to his next neighbor. "He should have praised her eyes. She knows all about her voice."

"And do you suppose she doesn't know all about her eyes, too?" asked his neighbor—who chanced to be Major Vaughan.

"No doubt; but then a woman is never tired of being admired for her beauty. The smallest pastille of praise is as acceptable to her, in its way, as a holocaust of incense. But as to her voice, c'est autre chose. What is one compliment more or less after the nightly applauses of the finest audience in Europe?"

In the mean while the two young Erectheum men, oppressed apparently by the consciousness of how much they owed to their boots and waistcoats, took refuge in each other's society, and talked about a horse. Neither of them kept a horse, or hoped to keep a horse; and yet the subject seemed bound up, in some occult way, with the inner consciousness of both. They discussed this mysterious animal in solemn whispers, all the way down from London to Richmond; alluding to him despondingly during dinner; and exchanged bets upon him in a moody and portentous manner at dessert. Apart from this overwhelming topic they were light-hearted young fellows enough; but the horse was their Nemesis, and rode them down continually.

As for the "tail," it went to work as vigorously upon the dessert as upon the twelve preceding courses. The plump sisters evidently looked upon Moet as pure Pierian, and had taken Pope's advice to heart; while the gloomy brother, inaccessible as fort Gibraltar, seemed only intent on provisioning himself against a long blockade. But even the best of dinners must end, and coffee came at last. Then one of the Erectheum young men, emboldened by sparkling drinks, asked the prima donna for a song. She laughed, and shook her head; but the assembled company looked aghast.

"I can not," said she. "My voice is a bird in one little cage, and my impressario guards the key."

Sir Charles Burgoyne darted a dreadful glance at the offender.

"My dear lady," he said, "pray do not say a word. We all know, or ought to know, that your operatic contract forbids any thing of the kind; and even if it were not so, we should not presume to ask so great a favor. It is entirely a mistake—a great mistake—on the part of this young gentleman."

"I—I am very sorry," stammered the unlucky neophyte.

"And I am sorry," said the songstress, good-naturedly. "I should sing for you if I dared."

"Thou must not think of it, sorellina," interposed her brother, in his rapid Neapolitan. "Remember the penalty."

"The Signora Graziana must do nothing to offend the manager," said Lord Castletowers, who was familiar with every dialect of the Italian.

"Certainly not," exclaimed Saxon. "Not for the world."

Then, turning to Burgoyne, he whispered, "What is it all about? Why should he be offended because she sang for us?"

"He would have me pay him one hundred pounds," said the prima donna, whose ears were quick.

"A hundred pounds fine, you know," explained Burgoyne. "'Tis in his bond, and the man's a very Shylock with his ducats."

Saxon laughed aloud.

"Is that all?" said he. "Oh, never mind, bella donna—I'll pay him his hundred pounds, and welcome."

And so a piano was brought in from another room, and the Graziana sang to them divinely, not one song but a dozen.

"Perhaps our friend the impressario may not hear of it, after all," said Mr. Greatorex, when the music was over, and they were preparing to return to town.

"Let us all take a solemn oath of secrecy," suggested Sir Charles Burgoyne.

But Saxon would not hear of it.

"No, no," said he. "The fine has been fairly forfeited, and shall be fairly paid. Let no man's soul be burdened with a secret on my account. I will send Shylock his check to-morrow morning. Ladies, the carriages are at the door."

"I had heard that our Amphitryon did not know the value of money," said Mr. Greatorex, as they went down stairs, "and now I believe it. Why this little affair, my lord, take it from first to last, must have been set to the tune of something like five hundred pounds!"

"Well, I suppose it has," replied Castletowers, "including the bracelet."

"A modern Timon—eh?"

"Nay, I hope not. A modern Mæcenas, if you like. It is a name of better augury."

"I fear he dispenses his gold more after the fashion of Timon than of Mæcenas," replied the banker, dryly.

"He is a splendid fellow," said the Earl, with enthusiasm; "and his lavish generosity is by no means the noblest part of his character."

"But he behaved like a fool about that hundred pounds. Of course, we should all have kept the secret, and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Greatorex," interrupted the Earl, somewhat stiffly. "In my opinion, Mr. Trefalden simply behaved like a man of honor."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. TREFALDEN ON THE DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LAWYERS IN GENERAL.

"So, my young cousin, you have not yet lost all your primitive virtues," said Mr. Trefalden, as Saxon, heralded by Mr. Keckwitch, made his appearance on the threshold of the lawyer's private room at eight o'clock precisely on Monday evening.

"I hope I have parted from none that I ever possessed," replied Saxon; "but to what particular virtue do you allude?"

"To your punctuality, young man. You are as true to time as on that memorable morning when we breakfasted together at Reichenau, and you tasted Lafitte for the first time. You have become tolerably familiar with the flavor since then."

"Indeed I have," replied Saxon, with a smile and a sigh.

"And with a good many other flavors as well, I imagine. Why, let me see, that was on the seventh of March, and here is the end of the third week in April—scarcely eight weeks ago, Saxon!"

"It seems like eight centuries."

"I dare say it does. You have crowded a vast number of impressions into a very short space of time. But then you are rich in the happy adaptability of youth, and can bear the shock of revolution."

"I try to bear it as well as I can," replied Saxon, laughingly. "It isn't very difficult."

"No—the lessons of pleasure and power are soon learned; and, by-the-way, the art of dress also. You are quite a swell, Saxon."

The young fellow's face crimsoned.

He could not get over that awkward habit of blushing, do what he would.

"I hope not," he said. "I am what fate and my tailor have made me. Castletowers took me to his own man, and he has done as he liked with me."

"So that, to paraphrase the kingly state, your virtues are your own, and your shortcomings are your tailor's? Nay, don't look uncomfortable. You are well dressed; but not too well dressed—which, to my thinking, is precisely as a gentleman should be."

"I don't wish to be a 'swell,'" said Saxon.

"Nor are you one. And now tell me something about yourself. How do you like this new life?"

"It bewilders me," said Saxon. "It dazzles me. It takes my breath away. I feel as if London were a huge circus, all dust, and roar and glitter, and I being carried round it, in a great chariot race. It frightens me sometimes—and yet I enjoy it. There is so much to enjoy!"

"But you thought it a 'dreary' place at first," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet smile.

"Because I was a stranger, and knew no one—because the very roar and flow of life along the streets only made my solitude the heavier. But that's all changed now, thanks to you."

"Thanks to me, Saxon?"

"Of course. Don't I owe that dear fellow Castletowers's acquaintance to you? And if I hadn't known him, how should I have got into the Erectheum? How should I have known Burgoyne, and Greatorex, and Brandon, and Fitz-Hugh, and Dalton, and all the other fellows? And they are so kind to me—it's perfectly incredible how kind they are, and what trouble they take to oblige and please me!"

"Indeed?" said the lawyer, dryly.

"Yes, that they do; and I should be worse than ungrateful if I did not like a place where I have so many friends. Then again, I have so much to do—so much to think of—so much to learn. Why, it would take half a lifetime only to see all the picture-galleries in London, and study the Etruscan vases in the British Museum!"

Mr. Trefalden could not help laughing.

"You droll boy!" said he. "Do you mean to tell me that you divide your attentions between pretty prima donnas and cinerary urns?"

"I mean that I was in the Etruscan room for three hours this morning, and that we have a tazza at Rotzberg of a kind of which you have not a single specimen in the collection—red, with red bassi relievi. What do you say to that?"

"That I would not give five farthings for all the old pottery in Europe."

"Yes you would, if you once learned to look upon it as history. Now the pottery of Etruria—"

"My dear Saxon," interposed Mr. Trefalden, "as you are great, be merciful. Spare me the pottery of Etruria, and tell me a little more about yourself. You are learning to ride, are you not?"

"Yes, I can ride pretty well already; and I have a fencing lesson every other morning, and I am learning to drive. But I don't get on quite so well with the whip as with the foils. I have an awkward habit of locking my wheels with other people's, and getting to the wrong side of the road."

"Awkward habits, indeed," said Mr. Trefalden; "especially in Rotten Row."

"And—and I am learning to dance, also," said Saxon, with a shy laugh.

"In short, what with finishing your education, giving suburban dinners, and cultivating the fine arts, your time is tolerably well occupied."

"It is, indeed. I never seem to have a moment to spare."

"Humph! And pray may I ask how much money you have spent during these last three weeks?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"I suspected as much. Kept no accounts, I suppose?"

"None whatever."

Mr. Trefalden smiled significantly, but said nothing.

"I suppose it's very wrong," said Saxon. "I suppose I ought to have put it all down in a book?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But then I know nothing of book-keeping; indeed, I scarcely yet know the real value of money. But if you will tell me what I ought to do, I will try. Gillingwater can help me, too. *He* knows."

"Gillingwater is your valet, is he not? Where did you hear of him?"

"Greatorex recommended him to me. He is a most invaluable fellow. I don't know what I should do without him."

"And you have a groom, I suppose?"

"I have two grooms."

"Two? My dear boy, what can you want with more than one?"

"I don't know. Burgoyne said I couldn't do with less—but then, you know, I keep five horses."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one for the cab, two for riding, and two for the mail phaeton."

"And you keep them at livery, of course?"

"Yes; Burgoyne said it was the best way; and that the beasts were sure to be ill-fed if I hired stabling and left it to the men. He knows so much about horses."

"Evidently. It was he who sold you that mare and cab, was it not?"

"To be sure it was; and then I have bought all the rest under his advice. I assure you, cousin William, I don't believe any fellow ever had such friends!"

Mr. Trefalden coughed and looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "we must not forget that I have brought you down here to-night, Saxon, for a serious conference. Shall we have some coffee first, to filter the dust from our brains?"

Whereupon, Saxon assenting, the lawyer rang the bell, and coffee was brought. In the mean while the young man had made the tour of the room, inspected the law-books on the shelves, examined the door of the safe, peeped out of the window, and ascertained the date of the map hanging over the fire-place. This done, he resumed his chair, and said, with more frankness than politeness:

"I'd as soon live in a family-vault as in this dismal place! Is it possible, cousin William, that you have no other home?"

"The greater part of my life is passed here," replied Mr. Trefalden, sipping his coffee. "I admit that the decorations are not in the highest style of art; but they answer the purpose well enough."

"And you actually live here, day and night, summer and winter?"

"Why no—not altogether. I have a den—a mere den—a few miles from town, in which I hide myself at night, like a beast of prey."

"It is a relief to my mind to know that," said Saxon. "I should like to see your den. Why didn't you let me come to you there to-night?"

"Because you are not fat enough."

"Not fat enough?" repeated Saxon, laughing.

"I admit no man, unless to devour him. Lawyers are ogres, my dear fellow—and that den of mine is paved with the bones of slaughtered clients."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden put an end to the subject by ringing the bell, and sending for Mr. Keckwitch.

"You may close the office and go, Keckwitch," said he. "I do not want you any more this evening."

Mr. Keckwitch looked at his employer with eyes that had no more speculation in them than if they had been boiled.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he replied, with husky placidity, "but perhaps you forget Rogers's case. I am bound to go through the papers to-night."

"Then you can take them home with you. I have private business with this gentleman, and wish to be alone—you understand? Alone."

A pale light flashed into Mr. Keckwitch's eyes—flashed and vanished. But it did not impart an agreeable expression to his countenance.

"And when you have put all straight, and turned off the gas, please to let me know, that I may lock the office door on the inside."

The head clerk retired without a word, followed by the keen eye of his employer.

"If I were to become a rich man to-morrow," said he, with a bitter smile, "the first elegant superfluity in which I should indulge would be the kicking of that fellow all the way along Chancery Lane. It is a luxury that would be cheap at any price the court might award."

"If you have so bad an opinion of him, why do you keep him?" asked Saxon.

"For the reason that one often keeps an aching tooth. He is a useful grinder, and helps me to polish off the bones that I was telling you about just now."

Mr. Trefalden then saw his head clerk off the premises, locked the outer door, made up the fire, put the shade on the lamp (he always liked, he said, to spare his eyes), and drew his chair to the table.

LILACS.

CRESTS and plumes of purple splendor,
Bright enough for queenly heads,
Gleaming with a light as tender
As the faint-flamed opal sheds.

Plumes and crests and nodding tassels
Swaying lightly in the breeze,
Banners hung from brave old castles
Can not match my lilac-trees.

There be many blossoms fairer,
And Maud thinks more worthy praise;
"Fewer lilacs, they were fairer,
Plenty makes them plain," she says.

Out upon the heartless fashion
That coins beauty but from gold;
Sweeter, truer far the passion
Poets in their songs have told.

For the beauty of profusion,
For the sward with daisies pranked,
If it be a fond delusion,
For the glamour God be thanked!

God be thanked for all His treasure,
Coined in golden butter-cups;
Whence I drink deep draughts of pleasure,
And the bee his honey sups.

So, my lilacs, toss your feathers,
Purple as the faint-flushed East,
Plenty as the yellow heathers,
In my sight a royal feast.

Wave your plumes and odors sprinkle,
With your dews upon the air;
Bright the stars, though millions twinkle,
Many lilacs—and yet fair!

HISTORY OF A CARTE DE VISITE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Knowing you to be tender-hearted, ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and to comfort the sorrowing, I beg you to act as my amanuensis, that I may leave to the world a record of my eventful life. Being faded and worn, you will have to bear with me patiently, and catch my story as I am able to gasp it out. It may teach some of the careless a lesson, and show them that although our number is great and our name legion, the process of our creation is neither uninteresting nor without trouble, and that we should not be despised, trod upon, and maltreated as we are.

We have heard that you human beings are created from dust. You seem to be satisfied with this, and neither trouble yourself about the *kind* of dust, nor the matter from which it is made; therefore I shall go no further into the details of my creation than to say that I first saw light in the beautiful and extensive manufactory of Herr M. A. Steinbach, Fabricant de Papier, Malmedy, Prussia, as a piece of beautiful white paper. I need not tell you how I was pressed between hot rollers, sized, trimmed, and then laid with four hundred and seventy-nine other sheets maltreated in the same way; nor how we were nailed into a box with nails harder to draw out than the truth from some of the witnesses in the conspiracy case at Washington; nor of the long and tedious voyage across the tempestuous ocean, and the narrow escape we had from being thrown overboard in a storm—for all this you can imagine as well as I can describe it. I first saw light in this country in your most fashionable *Salle Photographique.* After the box I rested within was opened, I was taken from the company of the other four hundred and seventy-nine sheets, pinched, shaken, held up to the light so the cruel artist could see "Steinbach" on my border, and then whirled up a winding-stair, through rooms light and dark, and, terrified and alone, laid down. Presently I observed a huge white pan, filled with some curious substance neither sweet nor beautiful. I heard the artist say it was *albumen*, and that hundreds of diminutive chickens were spared the trouble of coming to life, as many matronly hens deprived of the care of an extensive brood, and myriads of worms and flies spared a chase across the field in the mouth of some courageous chick with a dozen rivals after it full tilt, that this albumen might be made on which he was about to let me float as did our sturdy ship upon the sea. I trembled at such a fate, but presently he seized me by my corners, and with a dextrous move laid me flat upon the disgusting surface, which convinced me that the eggs of which it was made must have been very near chickens before coming into present hands. Not content with this, he took a rounded rod and gently pressed me down in every place, to give me a thorough dose. He allowed me to remain about five minutes, and seizing me again threw me cornerwise over a round bar, where, sick and fainting, I was allowed to collect my scattered thoughts, while the superfluous albumen scattered down my sides and slipped off my corners into a trough below. Presently my four hundred and seventy-nine sisters were brought in, treated likewise, and when we were all dry and stiff were again placed together, put in a huge press, and squeezed in a manner so violent that any virtuous female would blush at such treatment, but there was no help for us. Being rather obstreperous and indignant, I succeeded in getting one corner out, which the artist did not discover until when about to leave the room, and then he wickedly remarked that for my pains I should be the first sheet used, and the corner sticking out should be first victimized. He would go prepare the negative, and then come after me. What is a *negative?* thought I, and concluded I would find out. Looking about me with my little corner, I observed a small dark room, with only yellow glass to let in a little light; in it were two men stalking around like demons, one with a little lamp in his hand lighting the other while he cleaned a piece of glass with something from a bottle labeled "Rotten-stone." I heard them say they were making the negative. The room seemed to be very clean and nice, and in perfect order. Bottles and brushes and funnels, and other articles, were there in abundance, and all properly labeled, and in a special place where they could be found when wanted, without trouble. This enabled me to find out and tell you more than I should otherwise be able to do. After cleaning the plate, and carefully brushing it over with a wide camel's-hair blender, the shining glass was seized by one of these gentlemen, and a coating of a very odoriferous creamy substance poured over it, and allowed to flow evenly over the surface, and the surplus run off at one corner into a bottle labeled "Collodion." After the glass was thus coated, it was quickly placed upon a long forked arrangement, and lowered into a deep, narrow, black box, which was labeled "Silver bath." When the glass was removed from the bath, it was quickly placed in another black-looking affair smaller than the bath, and having a little door, which was shut so suddenly that I could not discover how the glass looked after the treatment it had received. The operator—as I am told such persons are called—seemed in great excitement, and ran out of the room with the whole affair. Then I heard the rumbling of wheels, the crying of children, ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, an occasional "Now!" "Look! look! look! look! look! look!" the whistling of birds, and several other strange noises, that quite overpowered me, and I began to fear something dreadful had happened, until the operator returned to the dark room with a smile on his face. He opened the little door of the black box, and therefrom took my old friend the glass. It presented a most beautiful white and frost-like appearance, and was quite changed in its nature. From a bottle labeled "*Developer*" the operator poured a solution over the plate, and it immediately grew darker; presently faint lines could be discovered: now the plaid in a little dress, and immediately little hands and feet and faces; and, as if coming up from a mist, three beautiful children appeared seated close beside each other. After pouring this fluid on the negative, as it was called, it was well washed with water, and then the men held it up to the light, put their heads together, rubbed their hands over the back of it, looked through it, and finally concluded that it was hardly strong enough, and that they would have to re-develop it. So they took two bottles down from a shelf, and poured from them a mixture which they called re-developer over the negative, moving it from side to side until they said sufficient intensity was obtained. Then the poor negative was put through another washing. I hoped they would get the poor thing *fixed* presently; when, sure enough, down came another bottle, nicely labeled "Fixing solution," which was poured over the negative, after which it was again washed, thoroughly dried, and *another* bottle labeled "Varnish" taken down, and its contents poured over the negative, when it was placed in a drying-rack, and I saw the men prepare to repeat the experiment on another glass plate. At this moment I felt quite relieved within myself, caused by seeing, as I supposed, that poor glass receive a little rest; but such, alas! was not the case. Great excitement seemed to pervade overhead, and I saw my kindred sheets dragged away from me, while I was seized by my unfortunate corner, and hurried up a flight or two of stairs into a very warm, dark room, and laid down upon a table, where sat a pearly-white pan, full of a very pretty colorless fluid, which was called Silvering Solution. This was precipitated, and one-fifth was re-dissolved with liq. ammonia, mixed with the other four-fifths, and the sediment dissolved with nitric acid. Presently I was taken up gently and carefully floated upon the surface of this beautiful solution for about a minute, which was more pleasant to bear, but more alarming in its results, than that offensive albumen. I was then removed, and hung lengthwise upon two terribly-sharp needles until the waste solution had dripped from my almost strangled self. I was then placed in a fearfully-close box, held tightly by two unyielding clips over dozens of tiny gas jets, that winked wickedly at, and tried in vain to reach me with their fiery tongues, while I curled myself up to escape their torment and persecution. When dried perfectly, I was removed and hurried through another dark, mysterious passage, placed in a box, seized by another twain of voracious clips, and there allowed to hang for five or ten minutes over a saucer of ammonia, which would have been a relief to my nervous system had it not been so strong as to suffocate me, and deprive me of my senses to such an extent that I knew nothing until I found myself out in fresh air and sunlight, pressed closely to, and face to face with, my old friend the negative of the trio of tiny children. A coarse, ugly man would occasionally separate us in part, and then quickly press us together again. Finally we were parted entirely, and purple and black with rage and heat I was thrown into a dark drawer, only to be taken away in a few moments by a man with very black fingers. He carried me down stairs again, and plunged me into a deep tank of water, vowing he would wash away some of my ugly self, and then fix me so I wouldn't get away soon. After coming out of this generous bath I observed the image of the three children upon my surface precisely like that upon the negative, which I must leave you to account for. After this I was put through what the black-fingered gent called a toning solution, then washed again, and *fixed* in the same manner that the poor negative was fixed, and finally placed in a large tank of clean water, where a hundred jets tried their best to squirt me out of existence. I succeeded in floating up in a corner of the tank, and in clinging fast to its side—a trick which I now regret, as I am rapidly fading away in consequence, as they say I was not washed enough, and must soon expect to fade away entirely. I was removed from the tank, and with a number of other victims run through a patent clothes-ringer, carried down stairs, my sides and ends neatly trimmed, a smattering of flourine brushed over my back, placed upon a pure white mount, or card, by delicate female fingers, and laid aside until nearly dry, when I was put through a crushing pair of rollers, a polish of white wax and turpentine rubbed over me, and finally laid aside and pronounced finished. Need I tell you more? How I was placed in the breast-pocket of one of our noble heroes as he left his darling trio, and their precious mother, to go defend his flag and their homes from the invader? How he kissed me and pressed me to his bosom before and after battle, and how the hot tears often fell upon me? How the relentless bullet came along whispering death and destruction, and, sparing me, entered his noble breast and felled him to the earth? How his eager hands grasped me and held me before his eyes until they lost their brightness, and until his last prayer for them was sent to heaven? Need I tell you all this? Nay! the story is an old and never-to-be-forgotten one. I need not repeat it; but simply add that I am fading away, the result of no bad manipulation—for I was made by the best processes known—but of my refusing to be properly washed, which causes the fading away prematurely of many a person as well as many a carte de visite.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.—A lady in very reduced circumstances, but who had once occupied a superior station, formed a collection of the varied leaves of the magnificent trees for which the forests of America are so celebrated, and whose brilliant tints are well known to exceed in vivid coloring even the foliage of tropical plants. Part of this curious collection was placed in an album and sent to one of the crowned heads of Europe, a precisely similar album being sent by the same steamer to the Empress of the French. But the reception of the poor lady's offering at the Courts in question was very different. From the first arrived an acknowledgment, penned by an official, stating that "for once" the sovereign "had condescended to accept the offering, which, however, it was hoped would not be considered as a precedent or encouragement for any future similar gifts." From the second the donor had the infinite gratification of receiving a few lines from the pen of her Imperial Majesty, expressing her surprise at the extreme beauty of the specimens contained in the album, "*qu'elle trouvait ravissante,*" and requesting the lady to accept the ring which she inclosed as a token of her "*reconnaissance*"—the value of the ring being $100; red-tapeism *versus* genuine kindness of heart.

A REAL ROMANCE.—A curious scene of recognition is reported to have taken place at Vienna. A poor, wretched-looking old woman went to a branch pawn-office there to pledge the only article of value left her—a small gold locket. The clerk scarcely looked at it ere he asked the owner where she had it from. She declared it was her own property, and it came out that the old woman found in the clerk her long-lost son. Many years ago, when this woman was keeping a farm of her own at Funkfkirchen, in Hungary, her son was drawn as a soldier, and on his return heard the melancholy news that his mother's cottage had been burned down, and that she had left the village soon after, and was probably dead. Thus mother and son had lived in Vienna without meeting, and it was only the locket that led to a recognition.

NEVER JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS.—In your intercourse with others never be in a hurry to jump to a conclusion. Something may turn out differently from what was expected. Hear the end of a story before you make a decision. This may be illustrated by an incident. A gentleman entered a shop, and inquired for one of the assistants. "I wish to see the young man who served me yesterday."

On his arrival, the gentleman said: "You did not give me the correct change of the sovereign."

SHOPMAN. "Oh yes! It was quite correct. I was very particular. I counted it out to you, and you saw that it was right."

GENTLEMAN. "You are quite mistaken, and I shall expect to have it rectified."

SHOPMAN. "We can not do any thing [illegible] the matter now. You should have objected then. I know it was quite right."

GENTLEMAN. "Are you sure?"

SHOPMAN. "Quite sure, Sir."

GENTLEMAN. "Very well! I found on making up my cash that I had a half-sovereign too much; and I thought I had taken it here, but as you are sure I did not, I wish you good-morning."

THERE are seven chief places where the produce of the Western States are collected to be sent to the Eastern and European markets, and some idea of the enormous surplus produce of the Western States may be gathered from the fact that from one of these places, Chicago, the following were sent East in one year, namely, 18,298,239 bushels of wheat and flour, 24,906,984 bushels of corn, 12,536,373 bushels of oats, rye, and barley, 197,341 fat cattle, 862,200 fat hogs, 137,302 barrels of beef, 449,152 barrels of pork, 58,030,728 pounds of lard, 4,897,983 pounds of tallow, and 95,300,815 pounds of cut meats and bacon.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AND THE CONFESSIONAL.—It seems that the Emperor of the French will not permit the Prince Imperial to confess in the ordinary way that other Roman Catholics find a comfort to their souls. There has been selected by his Majesty an Imperial road to purgatory, which consists of a number of questions being drawn up by his Majesty, which are put by the father confessor of the Prince, and in the presence and hearing of a third person. No other questions are allowed.

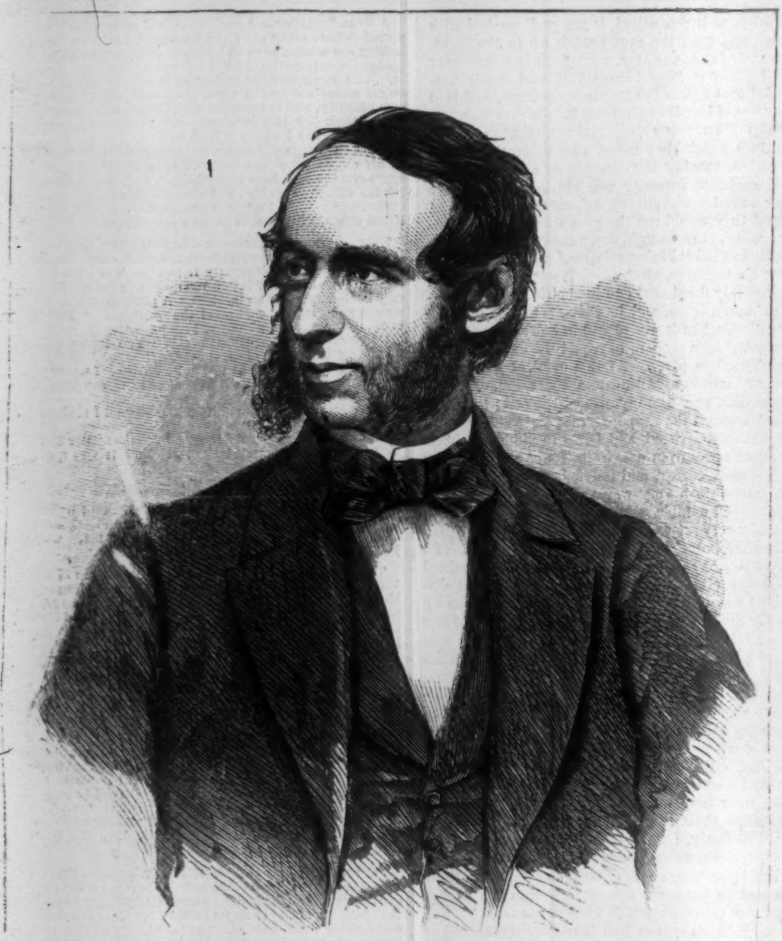
PUTTING THINGS IN ORDER.—Every body knows that we men owe an immense, ever-accumulating, and utterly incancelable debt to the ladies. One of its principal items is the gratitude due to them for putting our things to rights and keeping them in order. Roughs and disorderlies that we are, what should we do without their neat-handed ministrations? What husband that remembers the hopeless chaos of his bachelor bureau, and contrasts it with the trim and tidy appearance of the drawers in which wifely care has arranged his shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks in perfect harmony with Heaven's first law, does not bless the day when he emerged from the single state into double-blessedness? How delightful to find the shirt-front uniformly "cream-laid," and guiltless of twist or wrinkle, the hose always duly mated, the convenient string and the indispensable button ever in place. Looking back on the higgledy-piggledy days of his hermit life, the Benedick blessed with a notable helpmeet pities from the bottom of his heart such of his old companions as are yet uncoupled.

PREJUDICE.—Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances toward him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly, diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a *monster* proves to be his own brother.

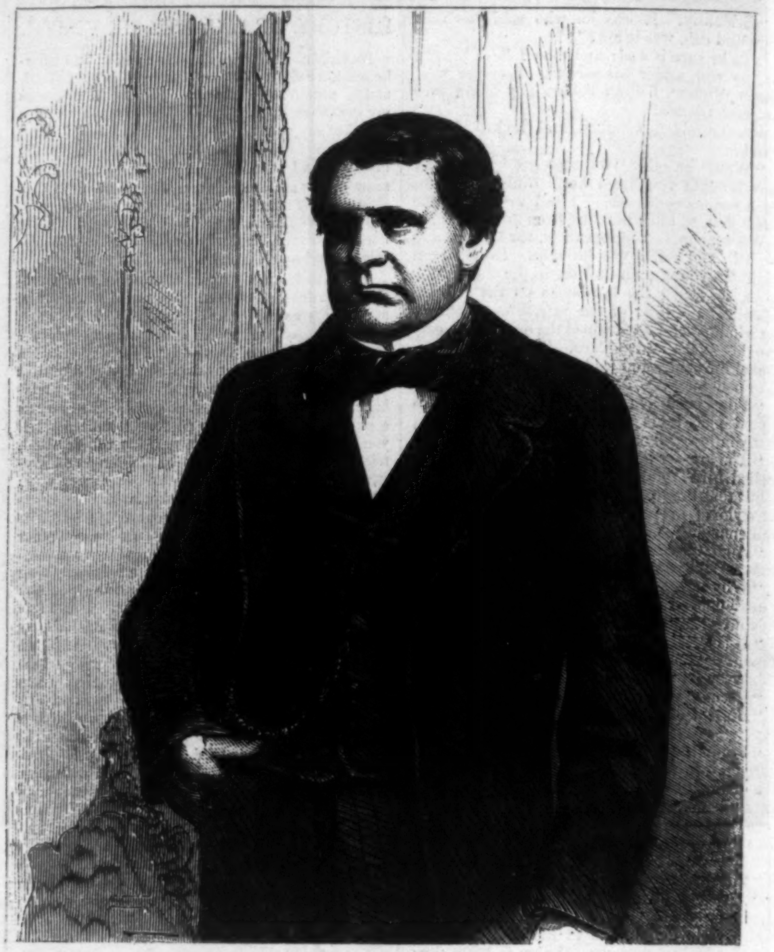
MANNERS.—"I make it a point of morality," says a writer, "never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are if the man means well, and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of 'good society,' as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is well founded on reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man that meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same bending of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—'How are you, my old friend?'"

THE English poor vary so much among themselves, the North of England is so different from the South, the inhabitants of the towns are so unlike the inhabitants of rural districts that any general propositions about the English poor are sure to be untrue when applied too widely. But, speaking with the latitude which the subject forces on us, we may say that the distinguishing mark of the English poor is that their condition is arranged on the basis of having superiors to take care of them. In this sense more than any other England is an aristocratic country. The dependence of the middle classes on the nobility is, comparatively speaking, very superficial. It is honorable to be connected with a noble family; it is convenient to have a nobleman to take the chair at public meetings; it is advantageous that certain persons should have an indisputable right to walk out of and into rooms before other persons. But all this is on the outside of life. The true life, the intellectual life, the spiritual life, the social life of a professional man is quite independent of it, unless he happens personally to be cursed with a wish to know great people. Not so with the poor. They have an aristocracy over them which it is supposed Heaven intended to guide them, to care for them, and to own them. The owner of the land, the clergyman, all benevolent laymen, and most laymen whether benevolent or not, are an aristocracy set over the poor. It is the duty of this aristocracy to be kind, charitable, vigilant, and sympathizing. It is the duty of the poor to be obedient, industrious, humble, and contented. Either party may fall short of the ideal; but the ideal exists for each, and the persuasion is deeply seated in the mind of all English people of the upper classes that this relation of the poor and the rich was designed by Providence, and is a thing so unquestionably right and good that any other relation must be wrong and presumptuous, even if it is possible. Other people may try to get on, but the poor must be content with the station in which God has been pleased to place them. The whole Catechism, so far as it is moral and not religious, seems based on the wish to drive into the poor this peculiar theory of their existence. And almost all modern literature, and especially all that portion of modern literature which attempts to inculcate the duties of respectable readers through the medium of fiction, repeats and dilates on this theory in every aspect.

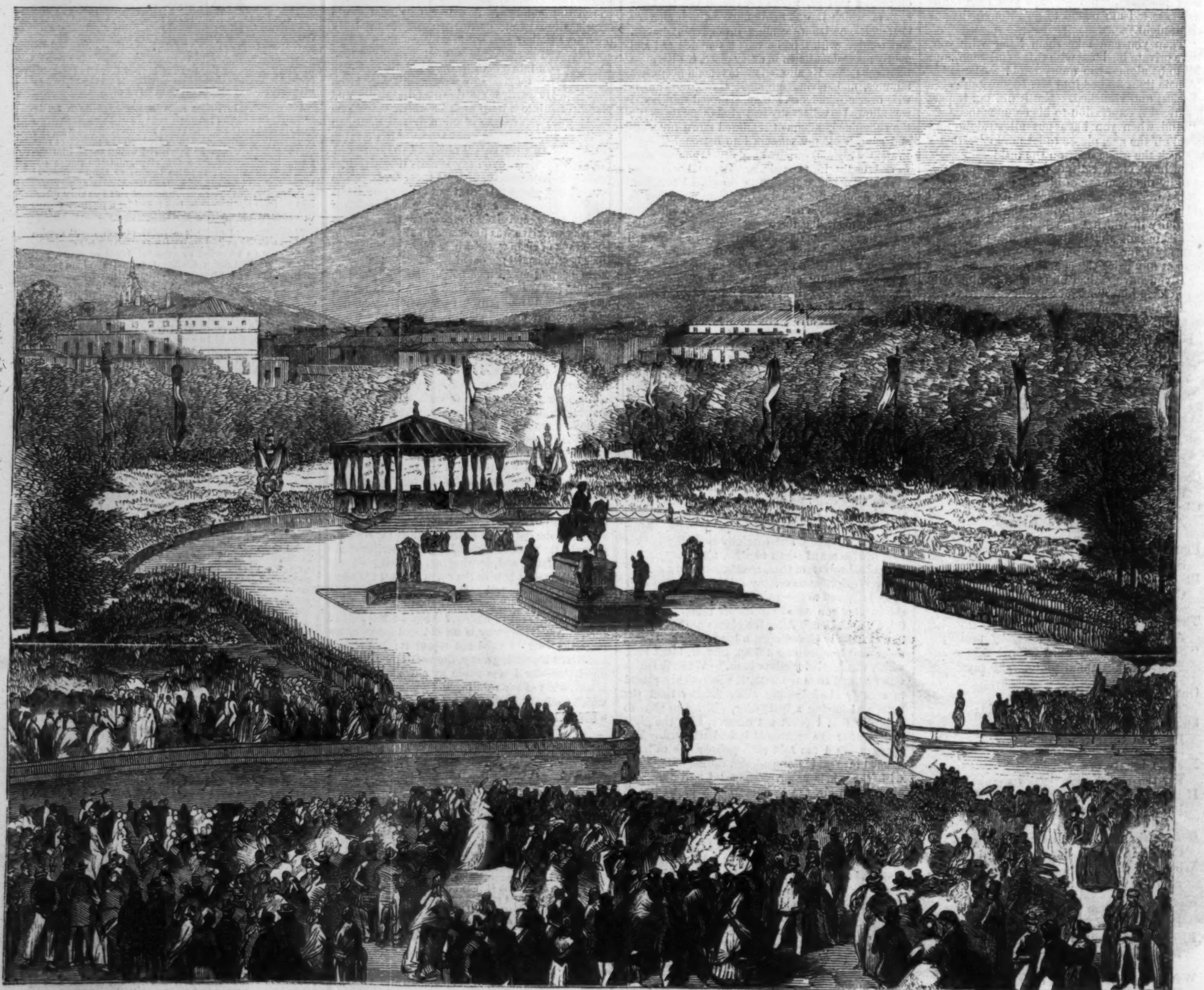
"HE is true blue, he'll never stain," is a saying on which Fielding remarks: "Coventry had formerly the reputation for dyeing blues, so much that 'true blue' came to be a proverb, signifying one that is always the same. Blue was formerly a color appropriated to the dresses of servants, and persons in low life: 'You proud varlets, you need not be ashamed to wear blue when your master is one of your fellows.' It was also the color of beadles, whence they came in for the appellation of 'blue-bottle.' It is now applied to a certain party in politics." From this it would seem that Fielding knew nothing of our famous blue-stockings.



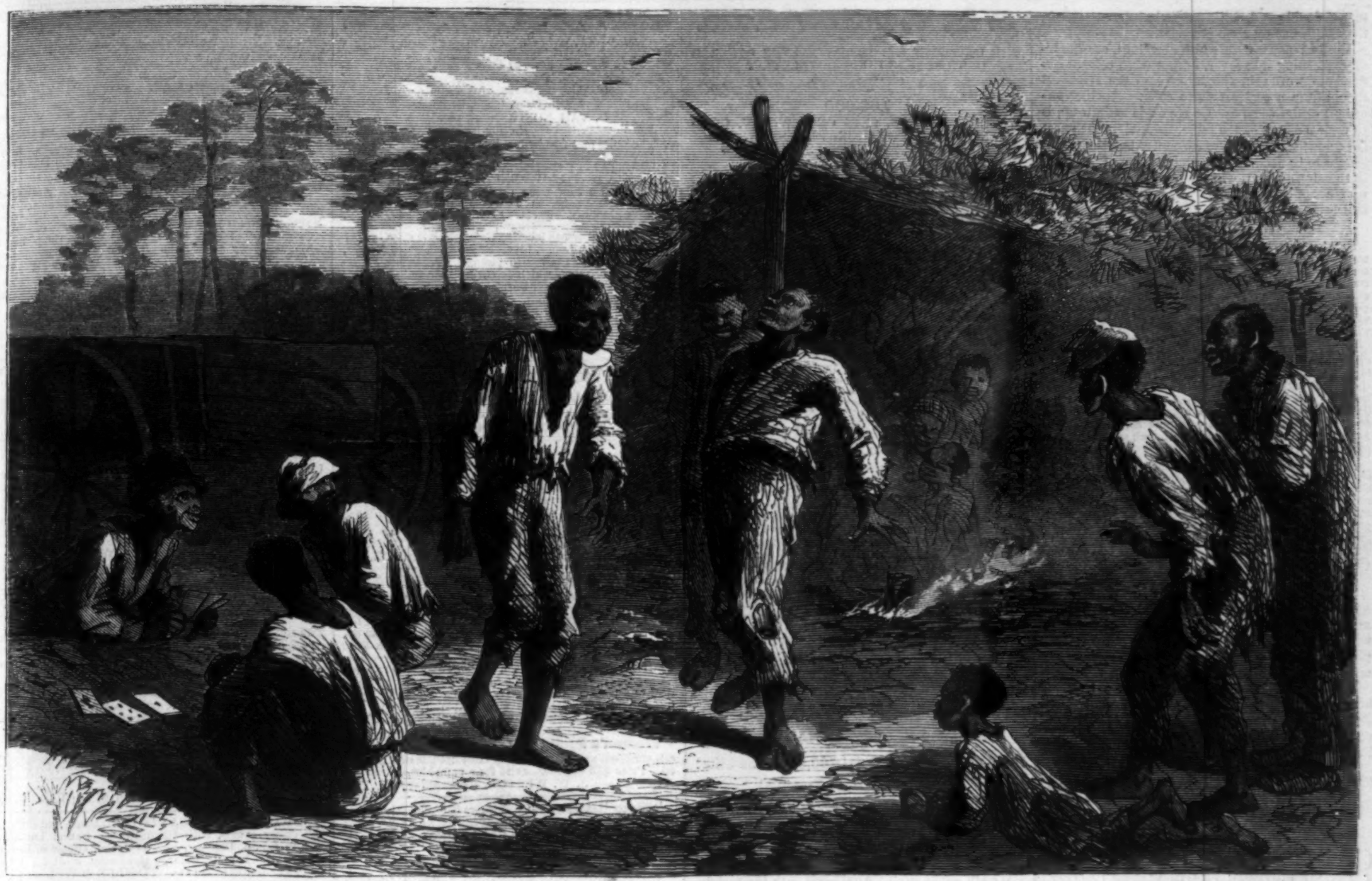
MR. FREDERICK SEWARD.
[Photographed by Gardner, and Published by Philp & Solomons, Washington, D. C.]



THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.
[From a Photograph by Brady.]



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT OF NAPOLEON I. AT AJACCIO, May 14, 1865.

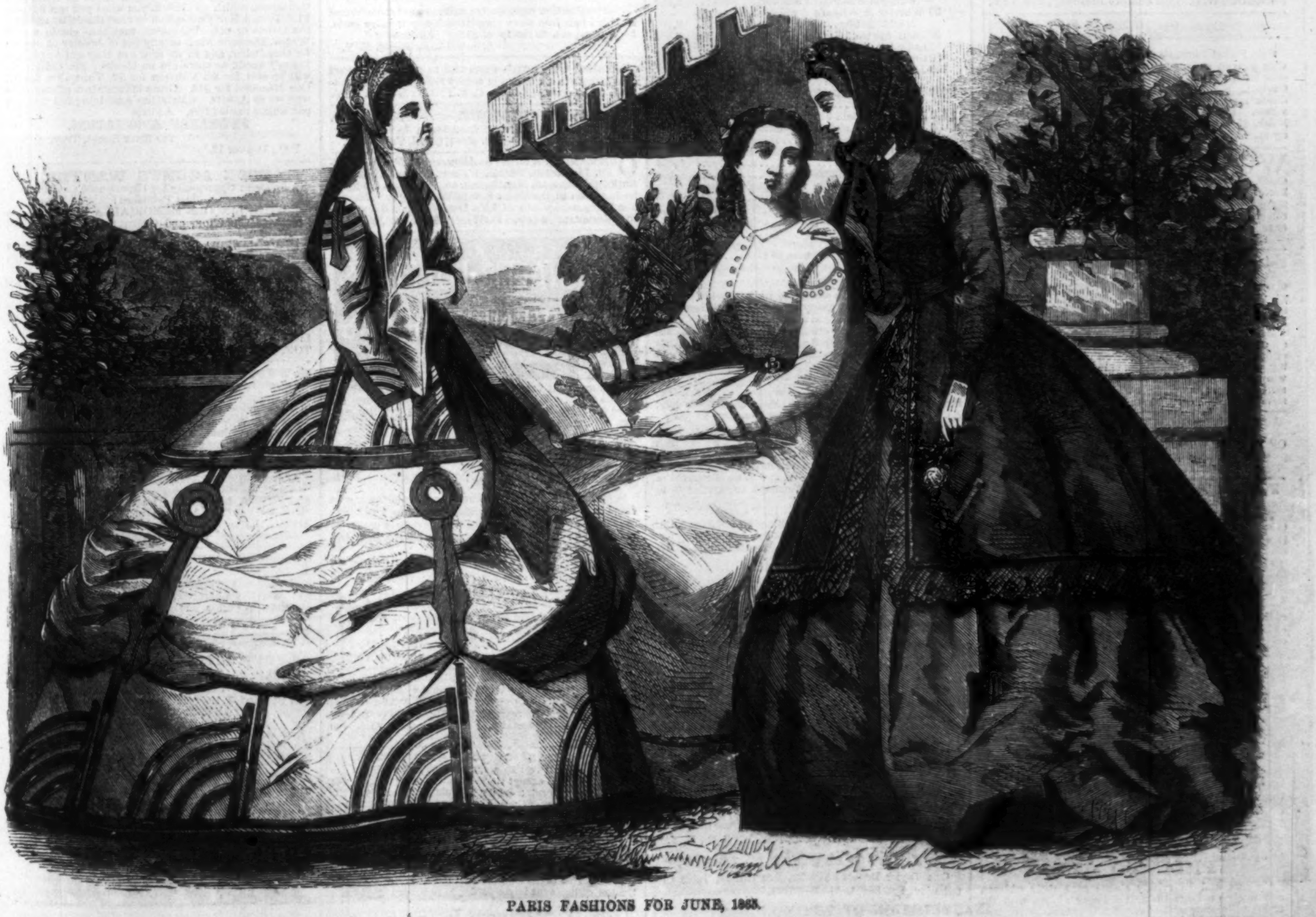


CAMP OF NEGRO REFUGEES.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

The Impératrice Régente has revived the taste for plain dresses, with paletots to match, for outdoor wear; and, in accordance with the example set by her Majesty, the foulard again occupies the first rank for summer toilets. It is employed for dresses, for jupons, and even for chemisettes. The entire plain white costume, with colored silk trimmings (as depicted in our first illustration) is very elegant; but the trimming may be dispensed with by the selection of a foulard with black, blue, or rose spots. The same designs in muslin, already published, will furnish agreeable wear for June and the succeeding warm months. For walking dress the system of tirettes has been almost abandoned; but, where still persevered in, the skirt should be allowed to train before entering a salon.

Two descriptions of bonnets, the *chapeau empire* and the *chapeau fanchon*, are now struggling for supremacy. A design of each will be found in our engraving. The latter enjoys the vogue at present; but its simplicity, and the facility with which it is procured by all classes of the community, threaten the duration of its success, and pave the way for the triumph of the *chapeau empire*, which is more complicated, and better suited to persons of regular features. For the moment, both styles are accepted, and both are in accordance with the actual taste for very small bonnets. Some very pretty ornaments for *chapeaux* have just been brought out: long, sparkling grass in the place of bavolets for the fanchon bonnets, and crystal ornaments for those of the empire. The ribbons behind have completely gone out of fashion, and are replaced by a small scarf in white or black tulle, forming, as it were, a



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1865.

sort of double veil, falling a little below the neck, thus hidden as by a long bavolet.

White jupons, with white stockings, are gradually returning into favor, except when colored *bottines* are worn; in the latter case the stockings should form a contrast as to color. Another excellent mode, when dresses are made to draw up, is to wear a jupon of the same material. The effect is somewhat less showy, certainly, but the object sought to be attained, the preservation of the robe, is thereby assured, without necessitating that appearance of coquetry which is disagreeable to many ladies.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Carriage Dress.*—Robe of white foulard, ornamented throughout with violet silk trimmings, which contrast admirably with the dull white of the foulard. The small paletot is trimmed with the same design, but necessarily in a lesser proportion. White tulle *chapeau empire*, decorated with hedge-roses and rose-leaves, and provided behind with a large bow and two wide bands of white tulle.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress for a Young Lady.*—Nankeen-colored silk robe, simply trimmed with deep-red silk cording round the skirt, on the shoulders, and in two rows on the sleeves in the guise of bracelets. The corsage is plain, buttoning in front, and fastened at the waist with a narrow red velvet band attached by a rosette. In the *coiffure* a few red velvet ornaments are introduced, and, with the *frisure* above the forehead and the bunch of curls behind, produce a very pleasing ensemble.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—The principal feature of this costume is the elegantly-cut, sleeveless, black silk mantle, edged throughout its entire outline with lace trimming. The upper part of the mantle is so designed as to show a portion of the corsage in front and behind. Worn over a violet dress (as in our engraving) the effect is very graceful. Violet crape *chapeau fanchon*, trimmed with white lace behind, and in front with one white and two violet flowers.

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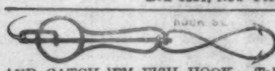

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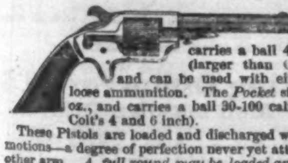

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In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

Great Gift Distribution.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

Employment for Ladies.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), August* 17, 1864.

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 15, 1865.

Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

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IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Patented May 13, 1862; *Improvement Patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most wonderful and elegantly-constructed Novelty, is noiseless in operation, uses the straight needle, sews with double or single thread. Makes the running-stitch more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c.; requires no lubrication or change of stitch; is not liable to get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

"For the dressmaker it is invaluable; for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

All persons who buy or offer for sale imitations of this genuine Machine will be prosecuted for infringement on the patents. Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted every where. Circular, containing liberal inducements, sent free.

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A splendid mourning Picture of Abraham Lincoln, printed in crayon, with tint, on a sheet 19×24. A copy will be sent free on receipt of 50 cts. A liberal discount to dealers. Send to JOHN GIBSON, 32 Beekman St., N. Y.

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DR. SHERWOOD'S TRUSS, 545 Broadway, New York, has no Steel Spring round the body to chafe; can be used in bed or at business without pain. If used for single, will prevent double rupture.

His SUPPORTER affords immediate relief to those who feel a pressure or weakness at the lower region of the abdomen; will prevent rupture. Should be used by the corpulent, by ladies after sickness, and by those who strain, cough, ride, run up stairs, &c. Abundant Testimonials at the Office. Advice free.

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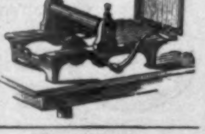

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Health is when the supply and expenditure are equal. Disease, when the supply and expenditure are unequal.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

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